MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS

NO. 84

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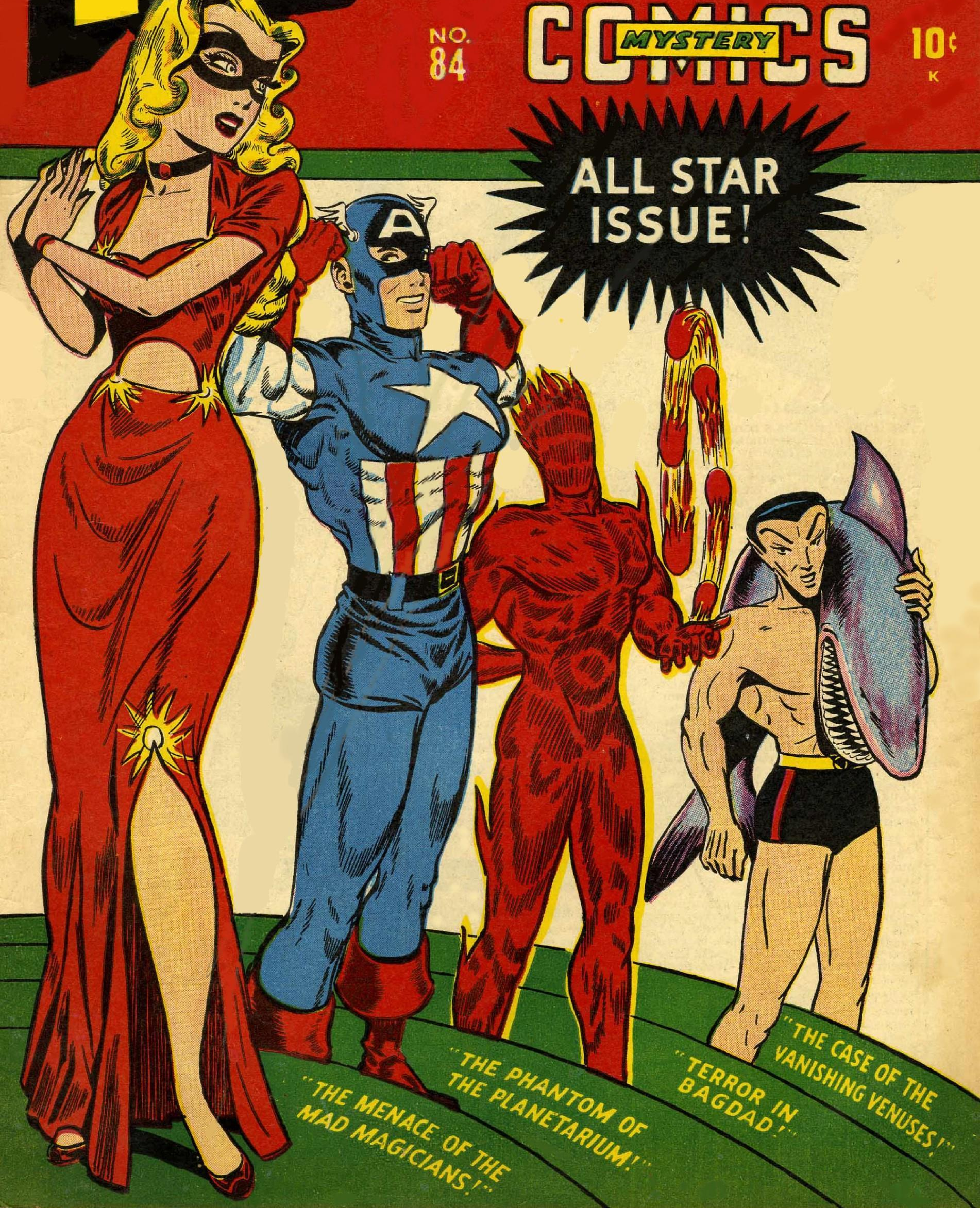


ALL STAR ISSUE!

"THE MENACE OF THE MAD MAGICIANS!"

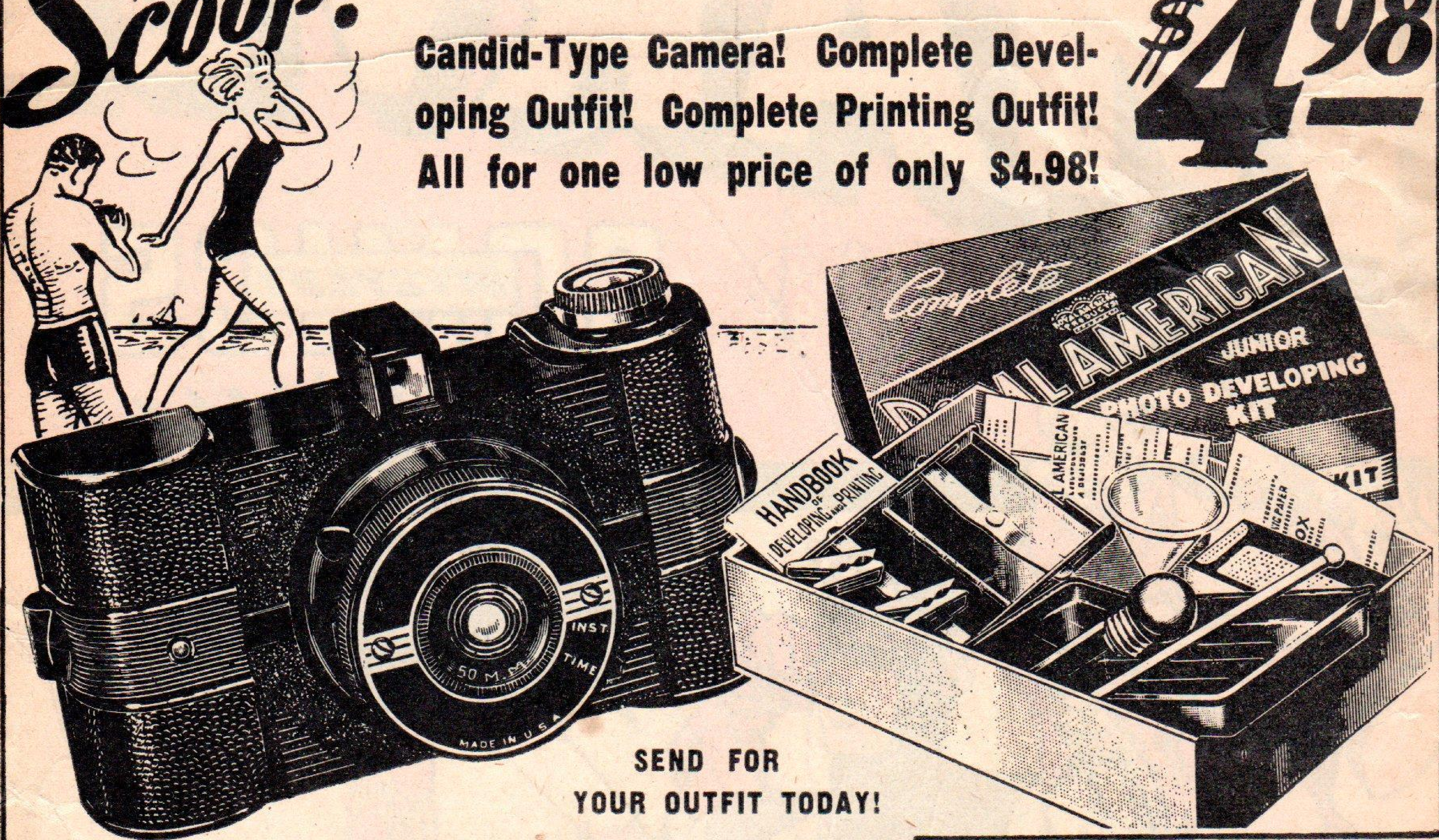
"THE PHANTOM OF THE PLANETARIUM!"

"TERROR IN BAGDAD!"

"THE CASE OF THE VANISHING VENUSES!"

Scoop! Complete Picture-Taking Picture-Making Outfit for only $4.98

Candid-Type Camera! Complete Developing Outfit! Complete Printing Outfit! All for one low price of only $4.98!



SEND FOR
YOUR OUTFIT TODAY!

At Last! You Can Take, Make and Develop Your Own Pictures!

This is the first time a complete picture-taking, picture-making outfit has ever been offered at the sensationally low price of only $4.98. You might ordinarily expect to pay much more than that for a good developing kit. Yet here you not only get a big, 14-piece Developing Kit so that you can actually make and develop your own pictures, but also a famous make candid-type Camera which takes regular size pictures. Positively not a toy. Both the Camera and the Developing Kit are "the real thing"—guaranteed to work on the same principle as those used by experienced photographers.

Easy To Make Your Own Pictures!

Think of it!—You can go out and snap pictures of your favorite scenes, of important events and land-marks, or of members of your family. Then, within a few minutes after you snap the pictures, you can develop them yourself. Virtually without waiting you can make and develop those same pictures right in your own home. Watch them come to life . . . clear and sharp . . . before your very eyes, almost like magic. Sensational! Exciting! Thrilling fun such as you've never known before.

Make Money While Having Fun!

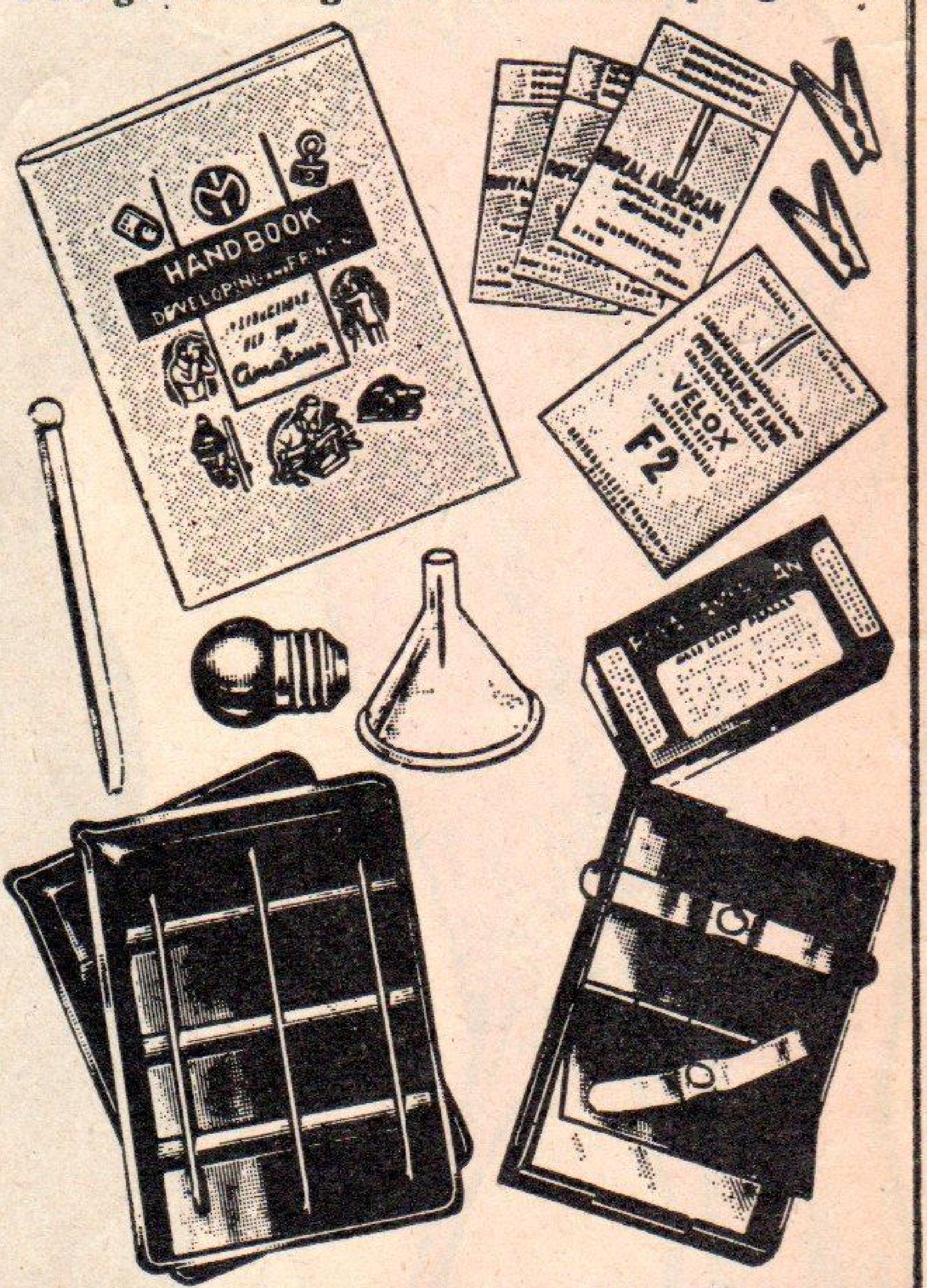
This is the chance of a lifetime to pursue an interesting hobby and learn the fascinating photography business at the same time. You can even make money in your spare hours. Use your Home Developing Kit to accommodate friends and neighbors. They'll be glad to give you their business for it will save them time and money, just as it does you.

THE CAMERA has all the latest features, including snapshot and time exposure and level view finder. Uses easy-to-get 127 film and takes 16 pictures on an 8-exposure roll. THE DEVELOPING KIT consists of 14 individual pieces as shown. There are 2 plastic trays, 1 metal print frame, 1 stirring rod, 1 package of two dozen sheets of contact paper, 3 Universal M-Q developer packs, 1 box acid-fixing solution, 1 plastic funnel, 1 GE darkroom light, 2 plastic clips and 1 easy-to-follow Handbook of developing and printing.

10 Day Examination Offer

Is this a value? You bet it is! By far the greatest value in the country today. Never before has it been possible to get everything necessary to take, make and develop pictures all for this one low price of only $4.98. These outfits are sure to be grabbed up fast. Photo and camera enthusiasts everywhere will be anxious to own a complete Kit such as this for fun and for spare time profit. You'll be wise to order your complete outfit right now while this low price offer is still in effect so that you won't be disappointed. It's first come, first served. If you want to get started at once to take, make and develop your own pictures, mail the coupon below today. You SEND NO MONEY! We'll let you examine and use the kit as your own for 10 days on our money-back guarantee offer.

You get this Big 14 Piece Developing Kit!



SEND NO MONEY! RUSH THIS COUPON FOR YOUR OUTFIT TODAY!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept **2509** 1227 Loyola Ave., Chicago 26, Illinois

Gentlemen: Send me the Complete Picture-Taking, Picture-Making Outfit as described. On arrival I will pay postman only $4.98 plus few cents postage and C.O.D. charges for everything. It is understood that if I am not positively delighted with the outfit in every way, I can return it within 10 days for full refund.

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☐ I enclose $4.98 in advance with this order to save shipping charges. Please send the Complete Outfit to me all postage charges prepaid on your 10-day money-back guarantee offer.

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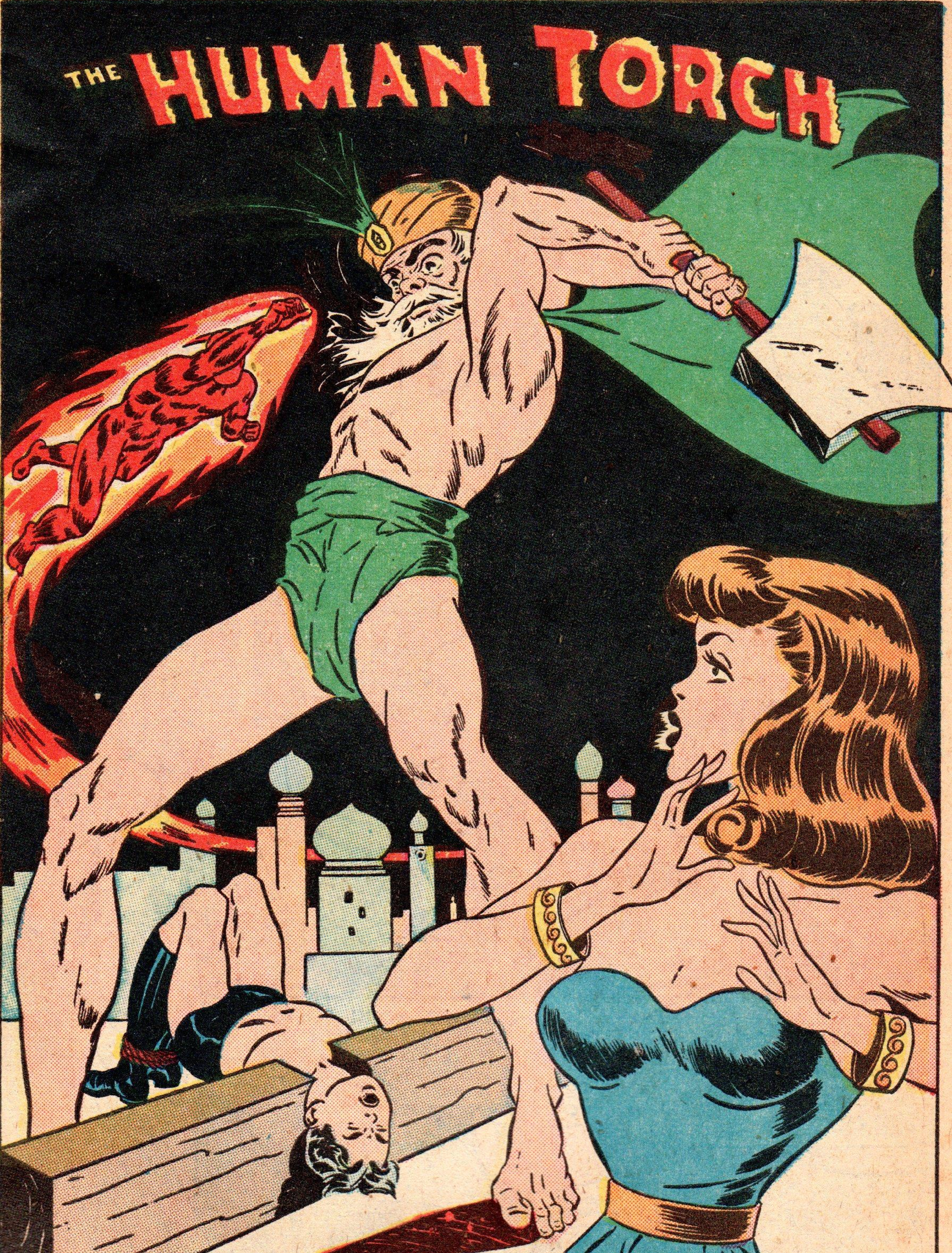

THE HUMAN TORCH
SL-1778

THE **HUMAN TORCH** AND **TORO** BLAZE TO NEW HEIGHTS OF PERIL WHEN THEY CROSS THE TRAIL OF A DARING THIEF, A RECKLESS BANDIT FROM THE MYSTERIOUS EAST! FOLLOW THEM IN THIS EXCITING ADVENTURE OF:..

"TERROR FROM BAGDAD!"

ONCE UPON A TIME THE THIEF OF BAGDAD WAS IN VERY GREAT DESPAIR!
HOW COULD I BE SO STUPID AS TO LET THE SULTAN'S MEN CATCH ME?
NOW THEY ARE PREPARING TO RECEIVE MY HEAD ON THE BLOCK!
UGH! THAT CURSED HEADSMAN HAS TOO TRUE AN AIM! WHAT AN INGLORIOUS WAY TO DIE!
Then...
THE SULTAN DESIRES TO SEE YOU!
I HAVE NO OTHER APPOINTMENTS AT THE MOMENT! LEAD THE WAY!
I WILL SPARE YOUR LIFE ON ONE CONDITION! THEY TELL ME YOU ARE THE CLEVEREST MAN IN IN THE WORLD!
I ADMIT IT, O, SULTAN!
SOON MY DAUGHTER, FATIMA, WILL BE MARRIED! THERE ARE NO GIFTS IN BAGDAD THAT PLEASE HER! AND MY TREASURY IS TOO POOR TO PURCHASE GIFTS FOR HER FROM ABROAD!
I WILL COMMUTE YOUR SENTENCE TO EXILE! IF YOU RETURN TO BAGDAD WITH THE GIFTS SUITABLE FOR THE WEDDING, YOU SHALL RECEIVE A FULL PARDON! IF NOT, YOU DIE!
I SHALL NOT FAIL!

SOON, ON A STEAMER BOUND FOR NEW YORK...
I AM A FREE MAN! I SHALL BRING THE SULTAN'S DAUGHTER GIFTS SUCH AS SHE NEVER DREAMED OF!
"SOMETHING OLD, SOMETHING NEW... SOMETHING BORROWED, SOMETHING BLUE"! THIS OLD RHYME TELLS WHAT THE BRIDE SHALL WEAR TO A WEDDING! AND THESE I SHALL BRING HER!
SEVERAL DAYS LATER...
TIMELY GAZETTE
PRICELESS MING VASE STOLEN!
OLDEST KNOWN VASE OF MING DYNASTY STOLEN BY CLEVER THIEF!
MEANWHILE, TORCH AND TORO ARE BOUND ON A STRANGE ERRAND...
A FUR SALON! WHY ARE WE GOIN' IN HERE, TORCH?
IT MIGHT BE INTERESTING!
FURS
WHY, IF IT ISN'T CLEOPATRA VANCE!
TORCH AND TORO! WHAT A PLEASANT SURPRISE!
I'VE BEEN HOPING TO MEET YOU AGAIN SO I COULD THANK YOU FOR SAVING MY LIFE IN THE CASE OF THE "FAMOUS NAMES MURDERS"!
I'M COVERING THE CHINCHILLA FUR SHOW FOR MY NEWSPAPER! A BEAUTIFUL COLLECTION OF FURS, AREN'T THEY?

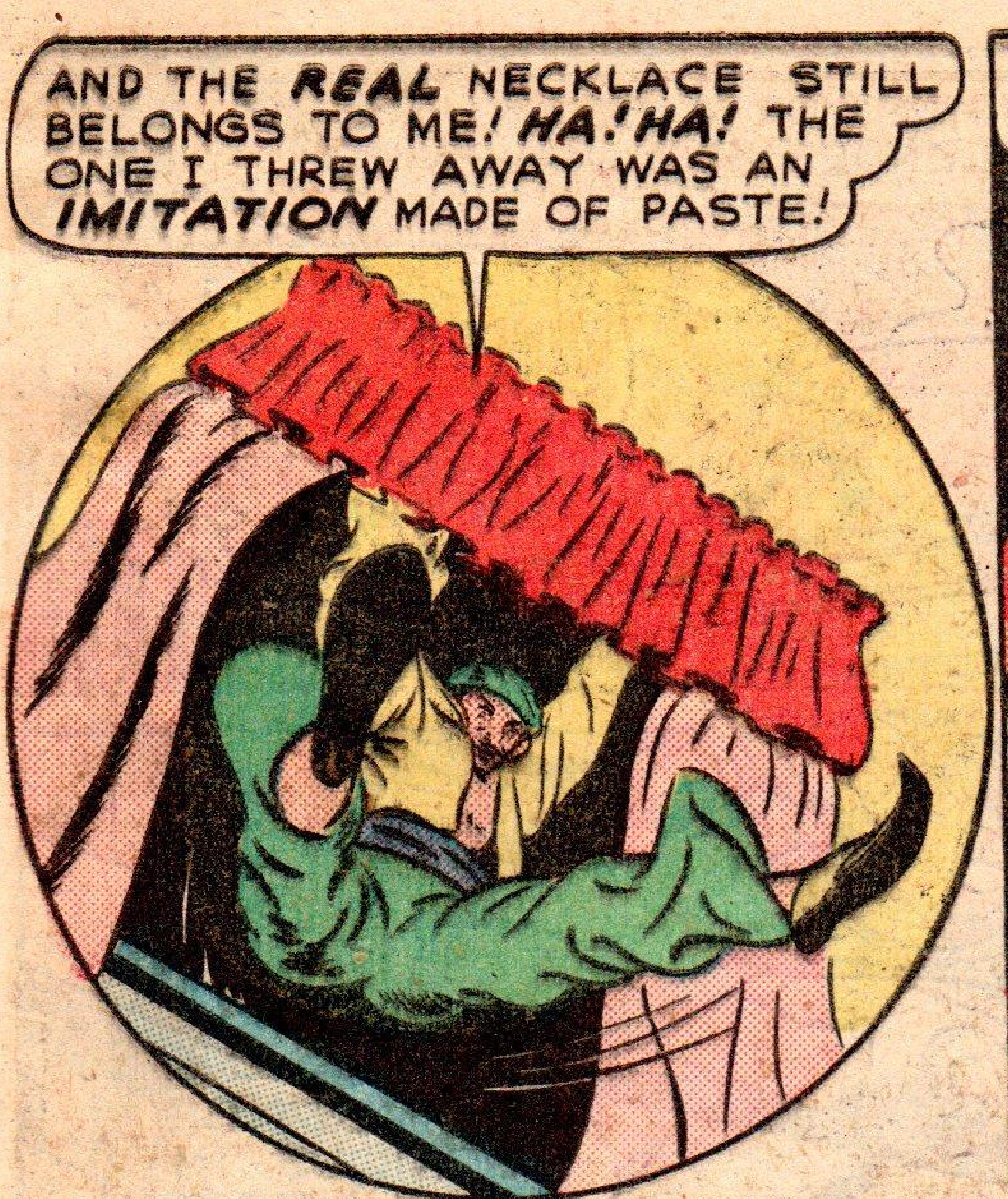
SUDDENLY!
DON'T BE FRIGHTENED, MY PRETTY ONE! I WON'T HURT YOU!
OHHH!
I'LL JUST TAKE THIS BRAND NEW CHINCHILLA COAT!
HELP!
CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR GOOD TASTE! THAT CHINCHILLA IS WORTH FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS!
NOTHING IS TOO GOOD FOR THE THIEF OF BAGDAD!
MY SCIMITAR! IT MELTED!
PRETTY HOT, EH?
I'LL MAKE THINGS EVEN HOTTER FOR YOU!
OHHH!
PERHAPS IT'S BEST TO DEPART!
LEAVE HIM TO ME, TORCH!

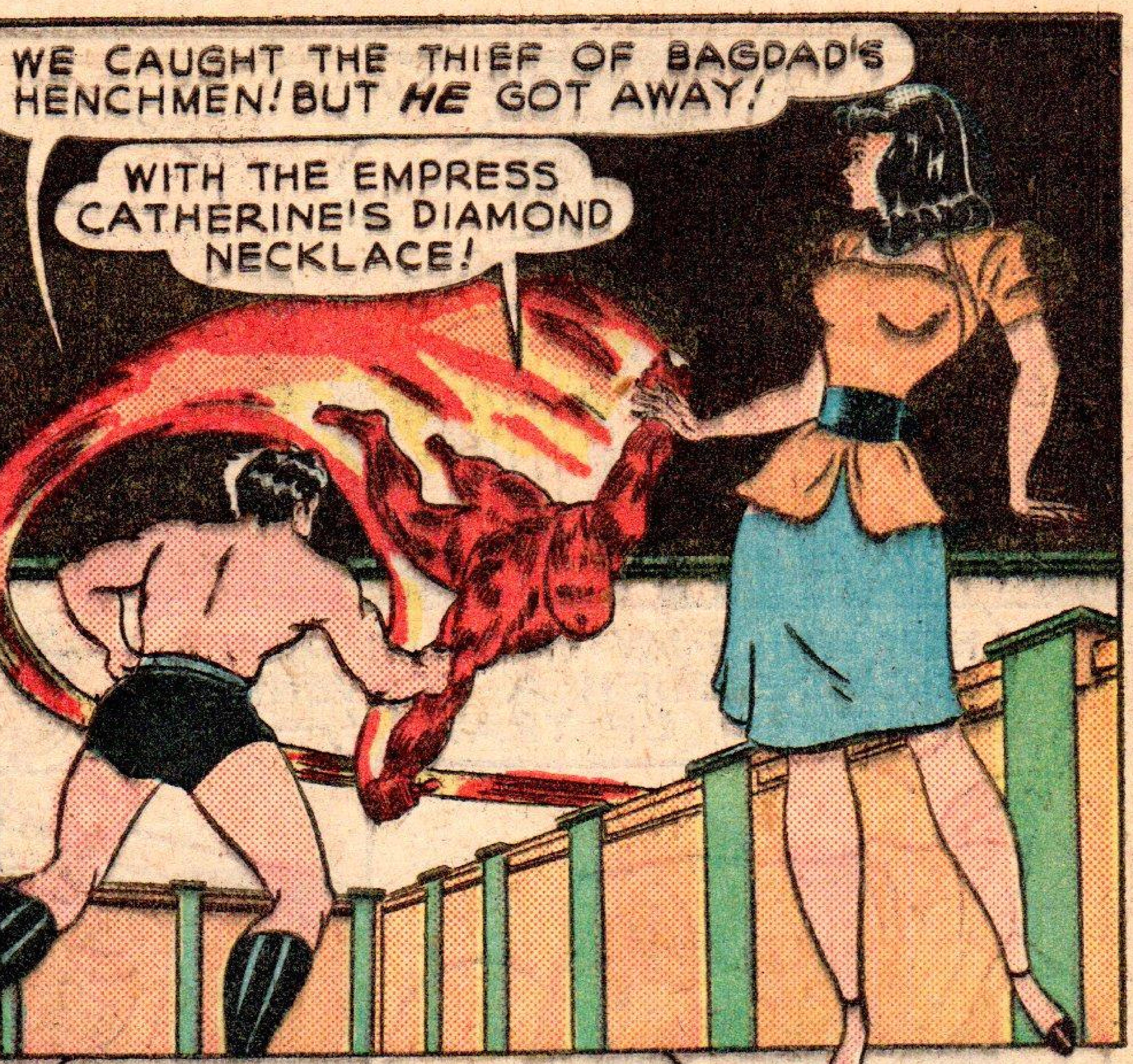
OH-OH! I DON'T SEE HIM! BUT I KNOW HE CAME IN HERE!
I GUESS HE GOT AWAY, TORCH! THIS IS ALL I FOUND!
WHAT'S THAT?
THIS SLIP OF PAPER! HE MUST HAVE DROPPED IT! IT'S A RHYME OF SOME SORT!
"SOMETHING OLD, SOMETHING NEW... SOMETHING BORROWED, SOMETHING BLUE"! THAT'S AN OLD JINGLE ABOUT WEDDINGS, TORO! AND THE FIRST TWO WORDS ARE CROSSED OUT!
THAT MEANS HE'S **ALREADY** FOUND SOMETHING ***OLD***! IT MAY BE THAT MING VASE THAT WAS STOLEN YESTERDAY! AND THE CHINCHILLA COAT WAS "SOMETHING ***NEW***"!
Later...
IT'S TOO BAD THE THIEF OF BAGDAD GOT AWAY!
WE'LL FIND HIM AGAIN! I WAS... UH... SORT OF WONDERING IF YOU WERE BUSY TOMORROW NIGHT! I'D LIKE TO... ER... TALK OVER THE CASE WITH YOU!
34TH ST.
M.G. PUBLIC OFFICE EDITOR STAN LEE
I NEVER SAW TORCH ACT LIKE THIS BEFORE! CLEO'S GOT HIM WALKING AROUND IN CIRCLES!
I'M SORRY, TORCH! BUT THE CITY EDITOR ASSIGNED ME TO THE GALA INTERNATIONAL BALL TOMORROW!
NEXT DAY...
IMAGINE THAT! THE WIFE OF THE MOLDAVIAN AMBASSADOR ***BORROWED*** THE EMPRESS CATHERINE'S FAMOUS NECKLACE TO WEAR TO THE BALL TONIGHT!
WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH US?

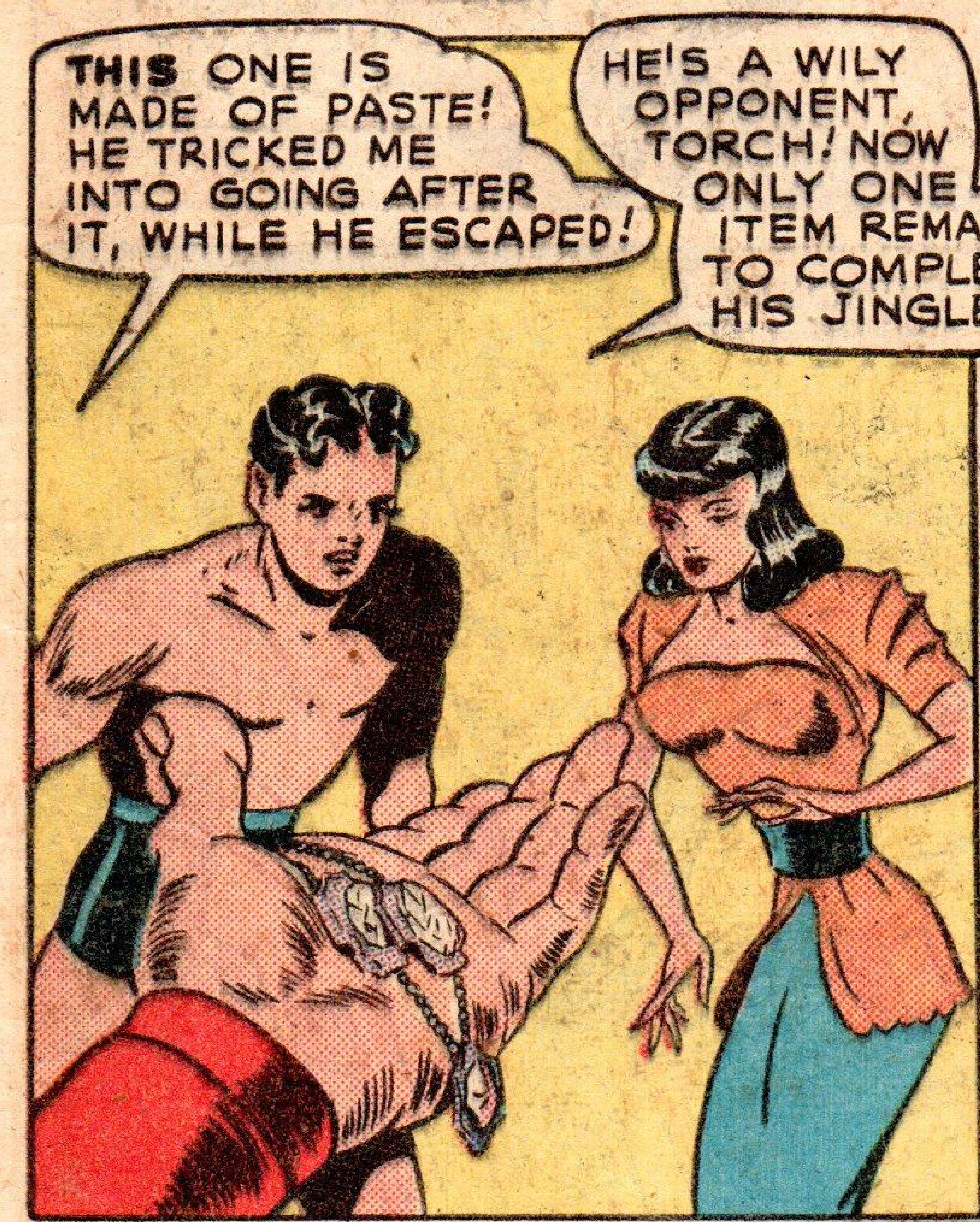
DON'T YOU SEE? THAT **BORROWED** NECKLACE MAY BE **NEXT** ON THE THIEF OF BAGDAD'S LIST!
HMMM! AND IT'S ALSO A GOOD EXCUSE TO SEE CLEOPATRA VANCE AGAIN!
TIMELY NEW
THIS SAME NEWSPAPER STORY IS AVIDLY READ BY THE THIEF OF BAGDAD!
SO! THESE BORROWED JEWELS SHALL BE MY NEXT PRIZE! ONLY ROYAL JEWELS ARE WORTHY OF A SULTAN'S DAUGHTER!
I WILL NEED ASSISTANTS TO CARRY OUT MY PLAN! I SHALL MAKE ARRANGEMENTS AT ONCE!
THAT EVENING, AT THE COLORFUL INTERNATIONAL BALL...
HELLO, CLEOPATRA! MAY I...UH...HAVE THIS DANCE?
OF COURSE, TORCH! I'D LOVE TO!
THERE'S THE AMBASSADOR'S WIFE, WEARING THE EMPRESS CATHERINE JEWELS!
AT THIS MOMENT, ON THE BALCONY ABOVE...
NOW IS THE TIME! SWITCH OFF THE LIGHTS!
OKAY, CHIEF!

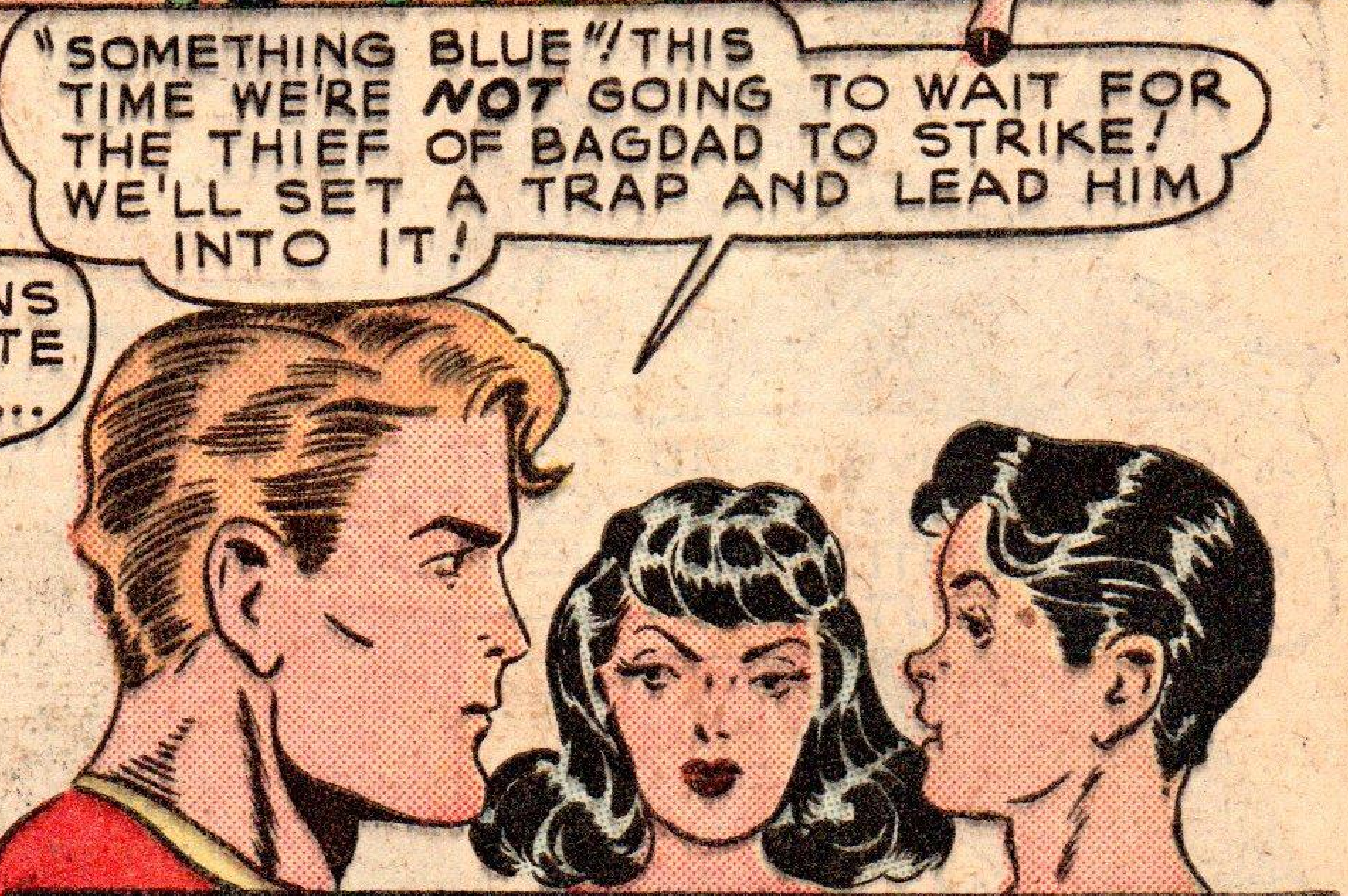
THE HUMAN TORCH AND TORO BLAZE A CRIMSON PATH THROUGH THE DARKNESS!
WHAT HAPPENED? THE LIGHTS!
TORO! FLAME ON!
I'LL BET SOMEBODY **DELIBERATELY** TURNED OFF THOSE LIGHTS!
WE CAN MAKE OUR **OWN** LIGHT! THERE'S THE MAN WE WANT!
YIII! THE TORCH!
HE SLUGGED THE POLICEMAN ON GUARD!
THERE'S YOUR ANSWER, TORCH!
THE THIEF OF BAGDAD!
OHHH! MY JEWELS! HE'S STOLEN THEM!
THEY WERE MERELY BORROWED JEWELS! SO I'VE "BORROWED" THEM FOR MYSELF!

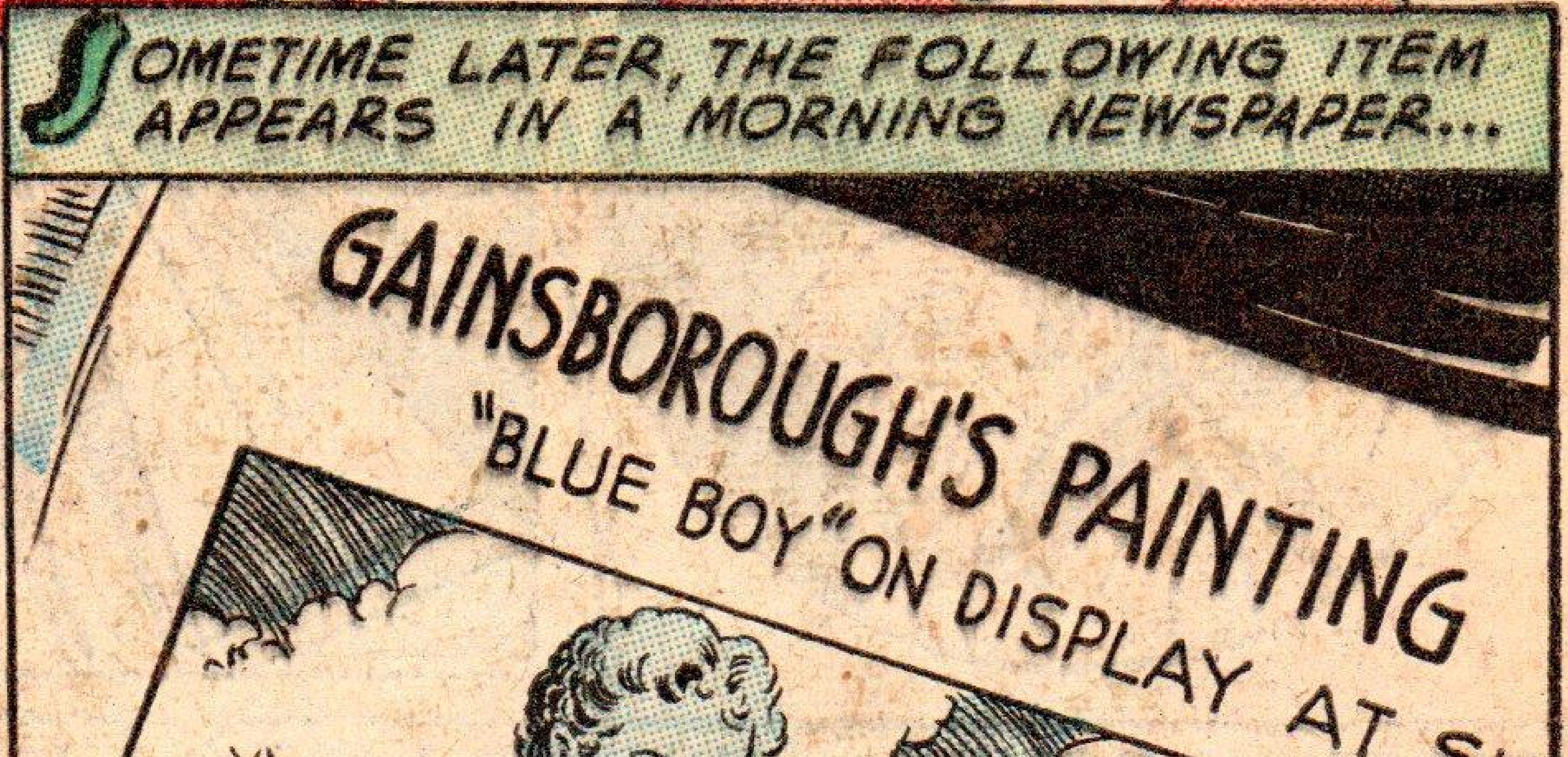
DON'T YOU REMEMBER WHAT SHAKESPEARE SAID?
THE FLAMING ONE! HE RETURNS TO PLAGUE ME!
HE SAID,"NEITHER A BORROWER NOR A LENDER BE"!
GIVE ME BACK THOSE JEWELS!
NEVER! I RISKED TOO MUCH TO SURRENDER THEM SO EASILY!
MY TRICK WORKED!
THE FOOL! HE THREW THE NECKLACE AWAY!
NOW TO ARRANGE MY OWN ESCAPE!
IT TAKES A CLEVER MAN TO CATCH THE THIEF OF BAGDAD! ONCE I GET INSIDE THIS WINDOW, I'LL BE SECURE!

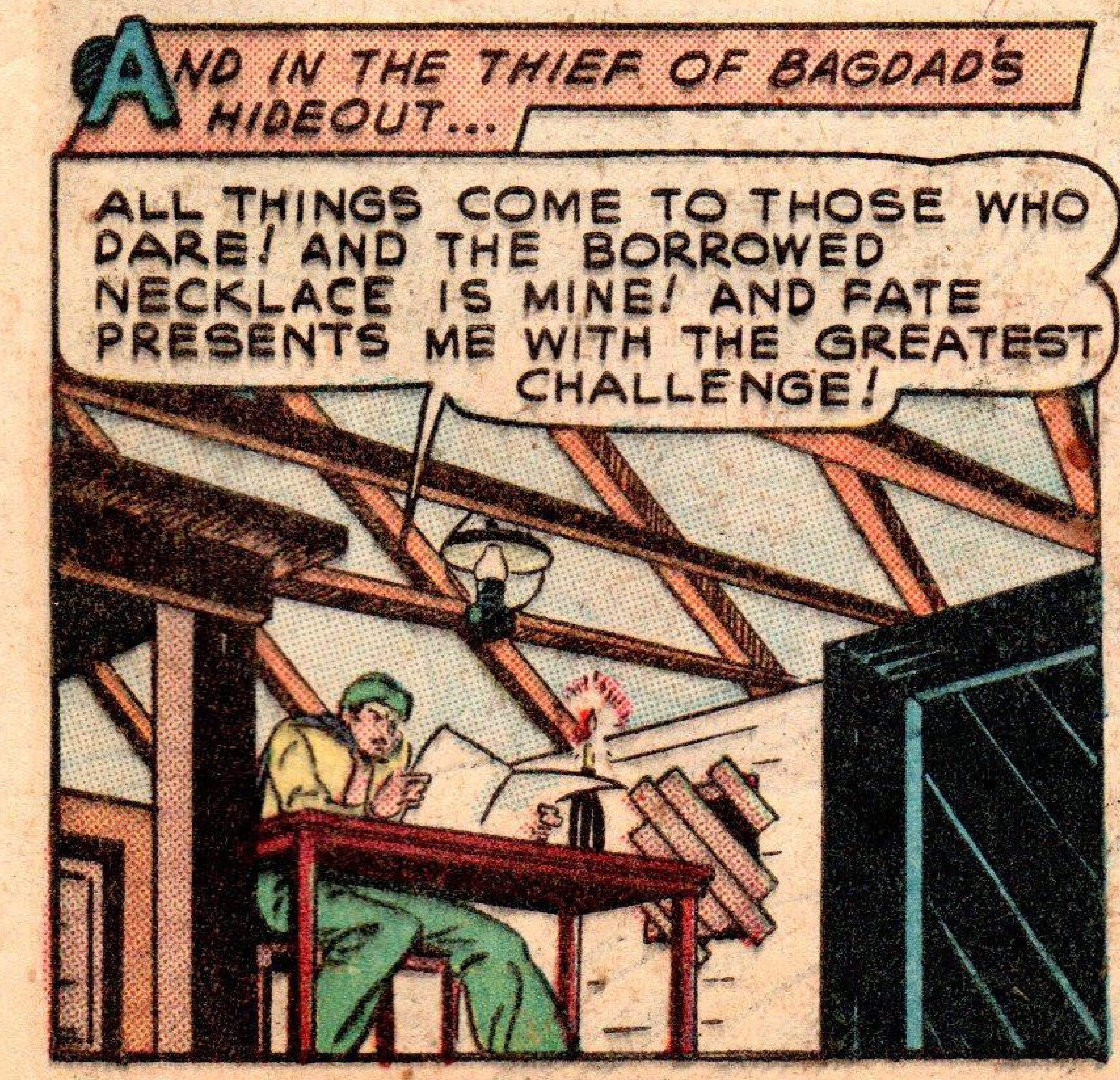

AND THE REAL NECKLACE STILL BELONGS TO ME! HA! HA! THE ONE I THREW AWAY WAS AN IMITATION MADE OF PASTE!

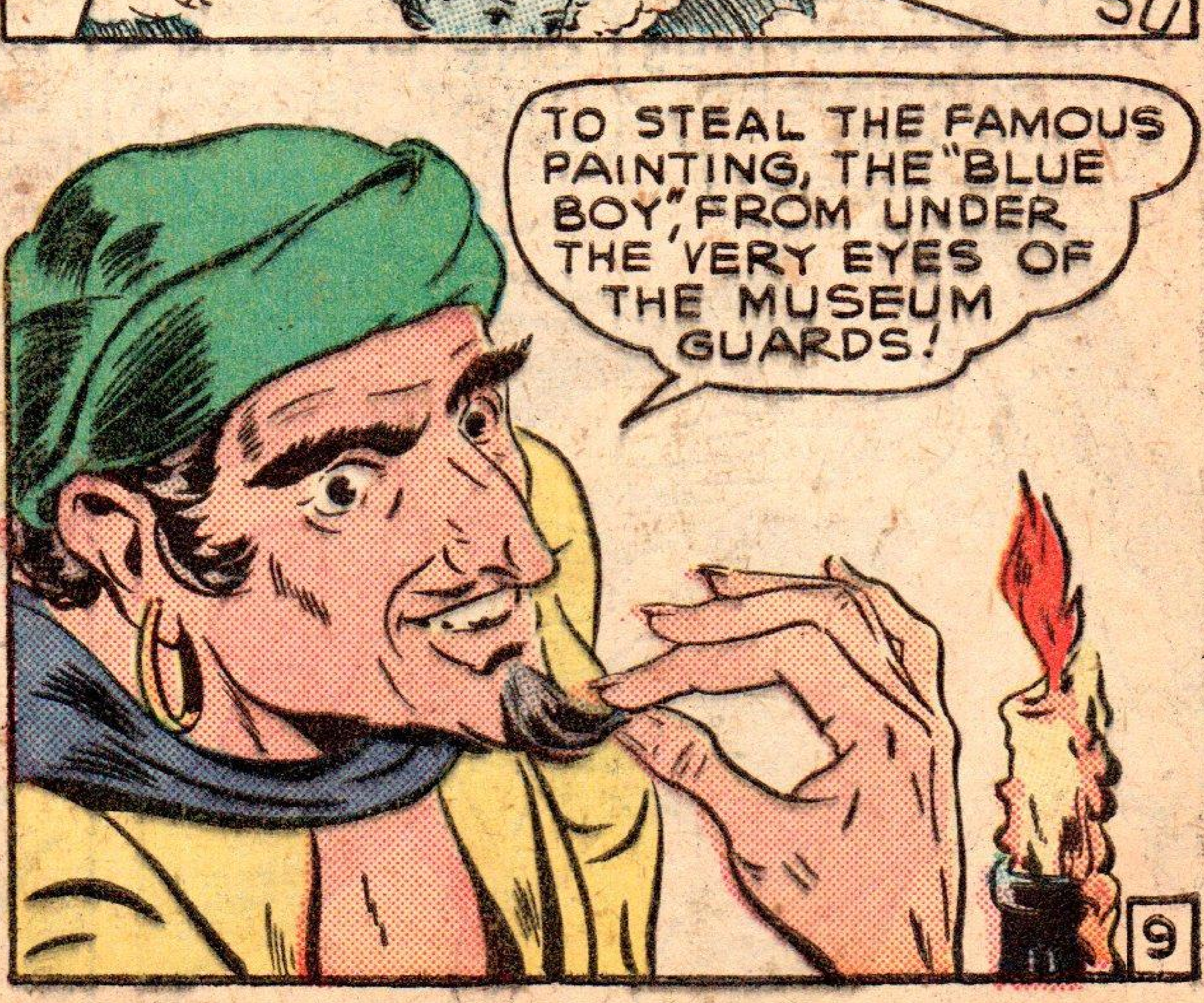

WE CAUGHT THE THIEF OF BAGDAD'S HENCHMEN! BUT HE GOT AWAY!
WITH THE EMPRESS CATHERINE'S DIAMOND NECKLACE!


THIS ONE IS MADE OF PASTE! HE TRICKED ME INTO GOING AFTER IT, WHILE HE ESCAPED!
HE'S A WILY OPPONENT, TORCH! NOW ONLY ONE ITEM REMAINS TO COMPLETE HIS JINGLE...


"SOMETHING BLUE"! THIS TIME WE'RE NOT GOING TO WAIT FOR THE THIEF OF BAGDAD TO STRIKE! WE'LL SET A TRAP AND LEAD HIM INTO IT!


SOMETIME LATER, THE FOLLOWING ITEM APPEARS IN A MORNING NEWSPAPER...
GAINSBOROUGH'S PAINTING
"BLUE BOY" ON DISPLAY AT SU

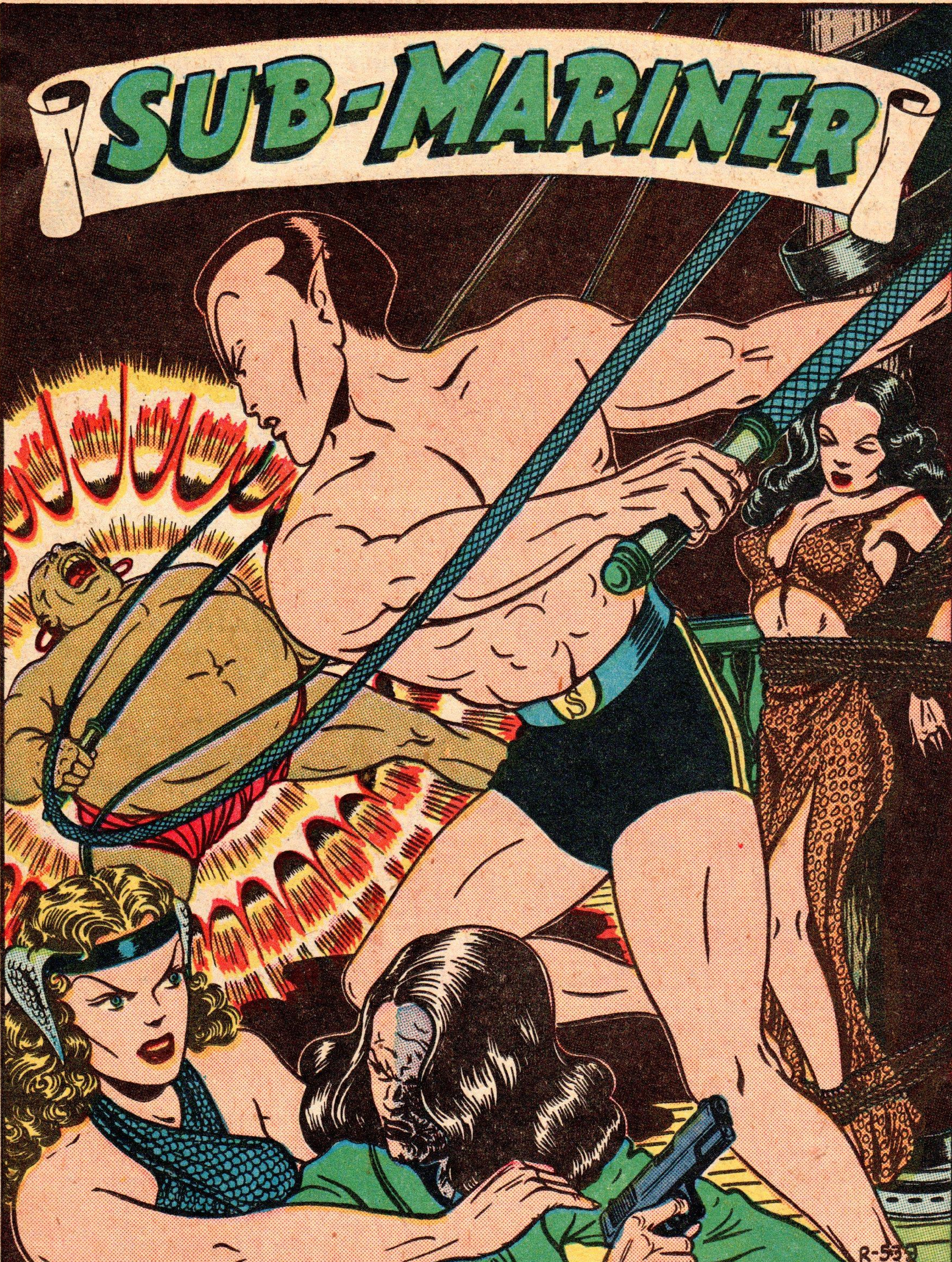

AND IN THE THIEF OF BAGDAD'S HIDEOUT...
ALL THINGS COME TO THOSE WHO DARE! AND THE BORROWED NECKLACE IS MINE! AND FATE PRESENTS ME WITH THE GREATEST CHALLENGE!


TO STEAL THE FAMOUS PAINTING, THE "BLUE BOY", FROM UNDER THE VERY EYES OF THE MUSEUM GUARDS!

THAT NIGHT, ON A ROOF-TOP OPPOSITE THE SURREY GALLERIES...
ALL THE DOORS AND WINDOWS WILL BE GUARDED BY BURGLAR ALARMS! BUT THEY **CANNOT** KEEP OUT THE THIEF OF BAGDAD!
NOT WHILE MY VACUUM ROPES PROVIDE SUCH A CONVENIENT METHOD OF TRAVEL!
ONE MUST BE INGENIOUS IN THESE MODERN DAYS! NOW MY FLASK OF ACID!
A CORROSIVE ACID THAT EATS THROUGH THE ROOFTOP! THEN STEP LIGHTLY ON THE PLACE I HAVE OUTLINED...
...AND BEHOLD! THE THIEF OF BAGDAD IS WITHIN!
THE "BLUE BOY" IS MINE! SOMETIMES I'M SURPRISED AT MY OWN CLEVERNESS!
THERE'S JUST ONE FLAW IN THAT THEORY! THAT *ISN'T* THE "BLUE BOY"!
IT'S JUST AN *IMITATION!* TWO CAN PLAY THAT GAME!
THE TORCH!

WHAT USE HAVE I FOR A WORTHLESS IMITATION? TAKE IT!
YOU DIDN'T THINK **THAT** WOULD STOP US, DID YOU?
A MOMENT'S DELAY IS ALL I NEED!
HE MOVES FAST, TORO!
LOOK, TORCH! HE'S LEAPING FROM THE ROOF!
THERE HE GOES! THAT GUY SHOULD HAVE BEEN A TIGHT-ROPE WALKER!
THIS WILL PUT AN END TO YOUR FANCY ACROBATICS!
OOOF!
HELP! I'M FALLING!
STOP WORRYING!

I'LL TAKE YOU OUT OF THE FRYING PAN- INTO THE FIRE!
EEOW! I'M SCORCHED!
LATER...
THERE'S THE MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL THE THEFTS! WE RECOVERED THE LOOT FROM THE ABANDONED SHANTY HE USED FOR A HIDEOUT!
"SOMETHING OLD, SOMETHING NEW, SOMETHING BORROWED"...
AND HERE'S SOMETHING BLUE! THE THIEF OF BAGDAD HIMSELF! IF HE FELT ANY BLUER, HE'D BE INDIGO!
BAH!
SO IT CAME TO PASS THAT THE SULTAN'S DAUGHTER WAS WED WITHOUT THE POMP AND FINERY THE SULTAN HOPED FOR... AND TODAY THE HEADSMAN'S AXE IS STILL PATIENTLY WAITING FOR THE THIEF OF BAGDAD WHO COUNTS HIMSELF LUCKY TO BE SOJOURNING IN AN AMERICAN PRISON!
WHILE IN AMERICA, MATTERS PROCEED AS USUAL!
UH, HELLO, CLEOPATRA! IMAGINE MEETING YOU HERE!
TORCH!
I SUPPOSE YOU'RE... ER... COVERING THE BEAUTY PAGEANT FOR YOUR NEWSPAPER?
THAT'S RIGHT, TORCH! ISN'T IT A COINCIDENCE THE WAY WE KEEP RUNNING INTO EACH OTHER EVERYWHERE WE GO?
SOME COINCIDENCE! TORCH ISN'T FOOLING ME! CLEOPATRA VANCE HAS GOT HIM WRAPPED AROUND HER LITTLE FINGER... I GUESS WE'LL KEEP "ACCIDENTALLY" MEETING HER FROM NOW ON!
THE END



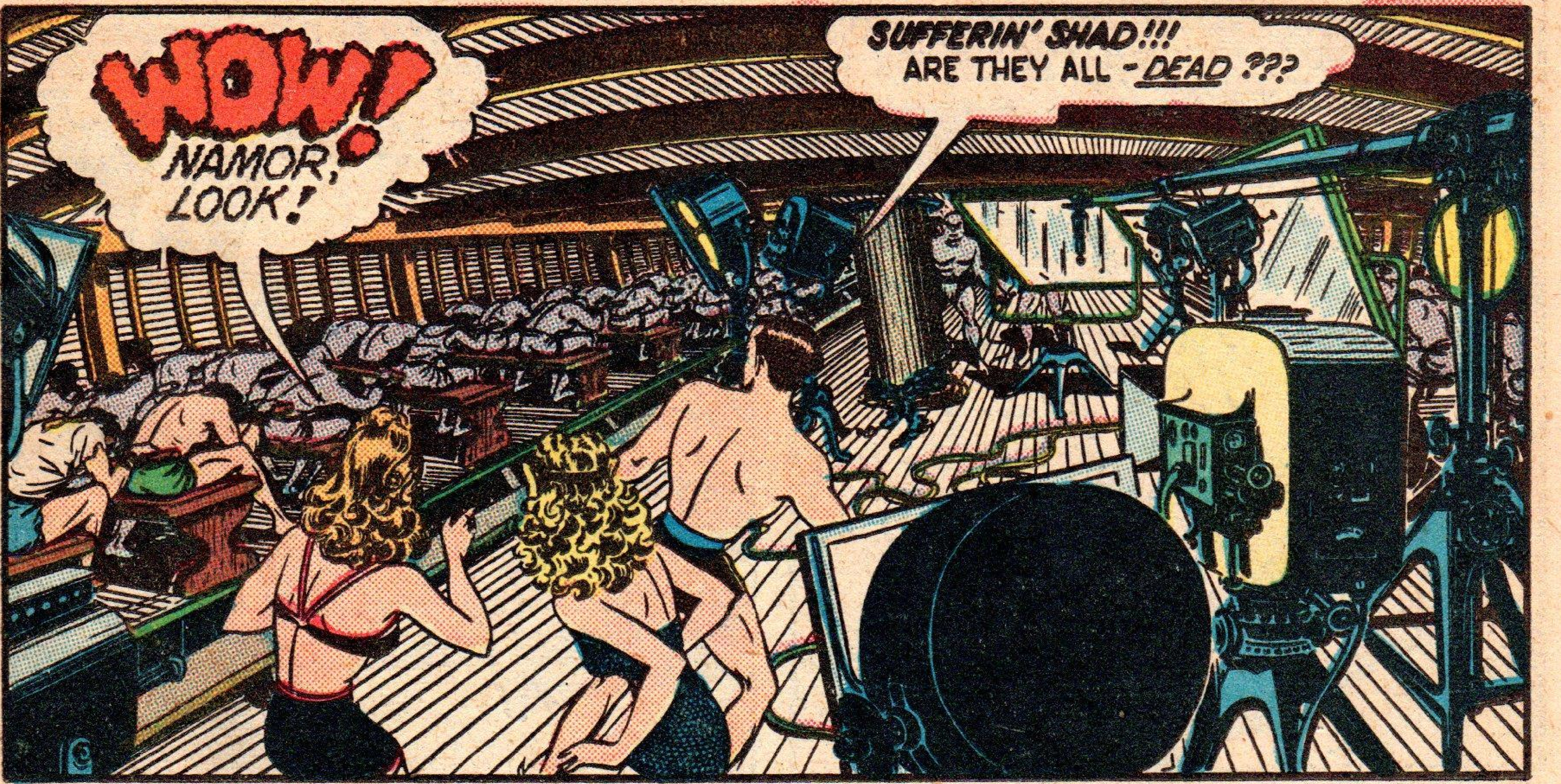
NAMOR, BETTY DEAN, AND NAMORA MEET MADNESS, TORTURE, AND A WEIRD PLOT TO AVENGE A CRUEL FATE THAT LED A ONCE-BEAUTIFUL WOMAN TO CRIME OF THE LOWEST ORDER, IN THE ---

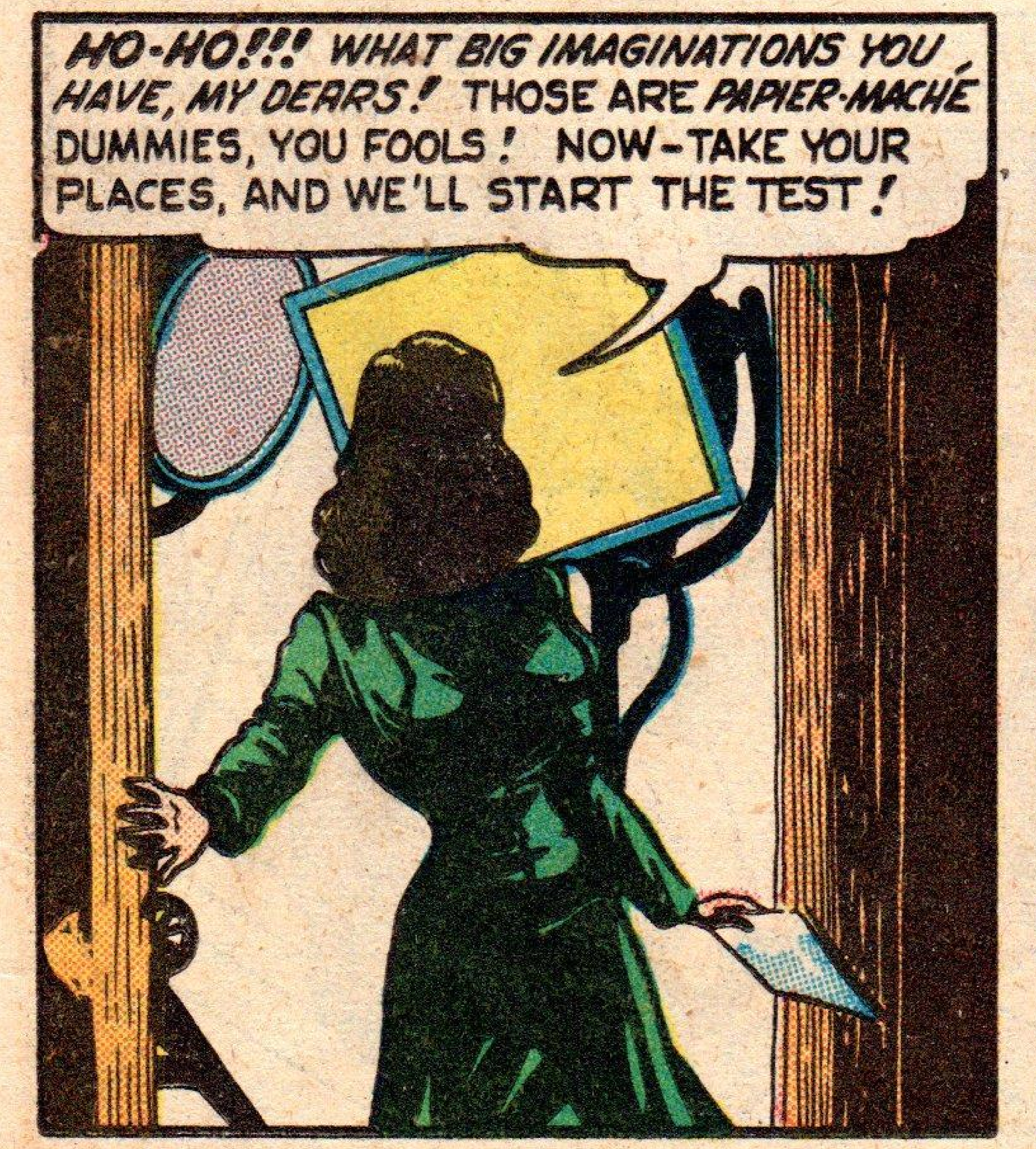
"CASE OF THE VANISHING VENUSES!"

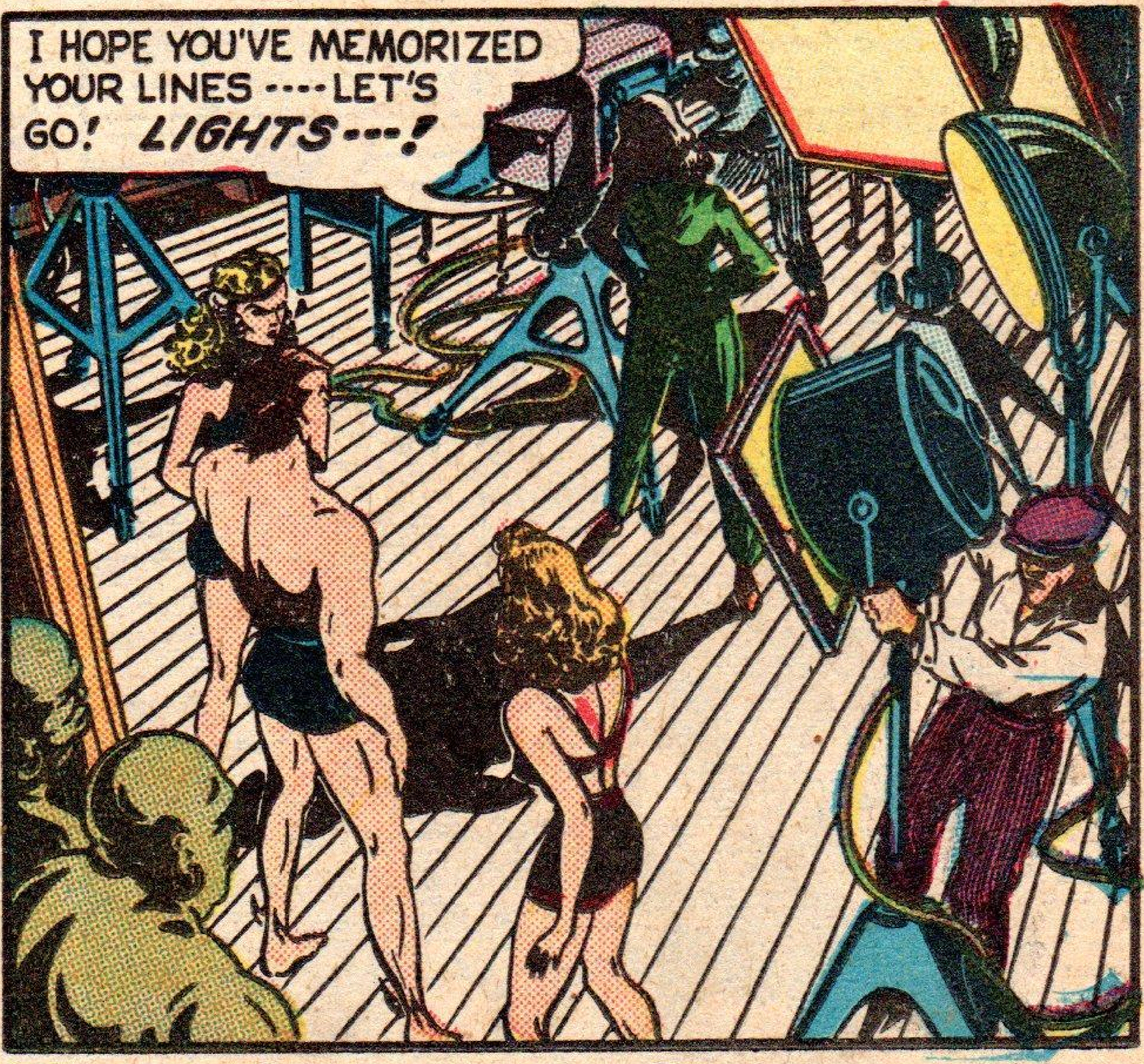
NAMOR, BETTY DEAN, AND NAMORA READ, IN A NEW YORK NEWSPAPER, AN ACCOUNT OF THE SEVENTH BEAUTY CONTEST WINNER TO DISAPPEAR IN THE BAFFLING FLORIDA "CASE OF THE VANISHING VENUSES" .... SINCE THE POLICE SEEM TO BE GETTING NOWHERE IN THEIR INVESTIGATION, OUR THREE FRIENDS DECIDE TO HELP----- .... WE FIND THEM NOW RELAXING ON A RESORT BEACH IN FLORIDA, DISCUSSING THE SITUATION----
BUT, NAMOR, THESE GIRLS DIDN'T JUST DROP OFF THE EDGE OF THE WORLD--THERE MUST HAVE BEEN SOMETHING-OR SOMEONE-TO LURE THEM AWAY---
TRUE---IT'S SINGULAR THAT THEY'VE ALL DISAPPEARED FROM THIS BEACH RESORT, ALL WITHIN THE PAST TWO WEEKS! IF WE WEREN'T IN THE GOOD OLD U.S.A., I'D SUSPECT A MODERN "BLUEBEARD"!
I BEG YOUR PARDON----MY NAME IS STANLEY GORDON—I REPRESENT THE GOLIATH-MAJOR STUDIOS, HOLLYWOOD---MAY I HAVE A WORD WITH YOU, PLEASE?
STATE YOUR BUSINESS, MR. GORDON!
I HAVE NOTICED THE GREAT BEAUTY OF THESE TWO GIRLS -AND YOUR OWN PHYSIQUE, SIR! I AM PREPARED TO OFFER YOU ALL SCREEN TESTS FOR "BIT" PARTS IN THE TECHNICOLOR EPIC "PIRATE HARVEST", WHICH MY COMPANY IS FILMING ON A SMALL ISLAND IN THE FLORIDA KEYS ---ARE YOU INTERESTED?
SURPRISED AT THIS UNIQUE TURN OF EVENTS, OUR TRIO GOES INTO A HASTY CONFERENCE...
LISTEN, KIDS -I'VE GOT A HUNCH THIS MAY BE JUST THE LEAD WE'RE LOOKING FOR! WHAT SAY WE FALL FOR HIS LINE?
SURE-YOU'RE THE BOSS!
IT SHOULD BE A VERY INTERESTING EXPERIENCE!
OKAY, MR. GORDON- WE'LL TAKE YOUR OFFER! MAY I PRESENT MISS DEAN AND MISS NAMORA? MY NAME IS NAMOR----NOW, I HAVE AN ERRAND TO DO, BUT IF YOU'LL TELL ME WHERE TO MEET YOU---?
OH YES---AH---I HAVE A BOAT AT THE "RIVIERA" DOCK---I'LL BE THERE IN HALF AN HOUR!
2.

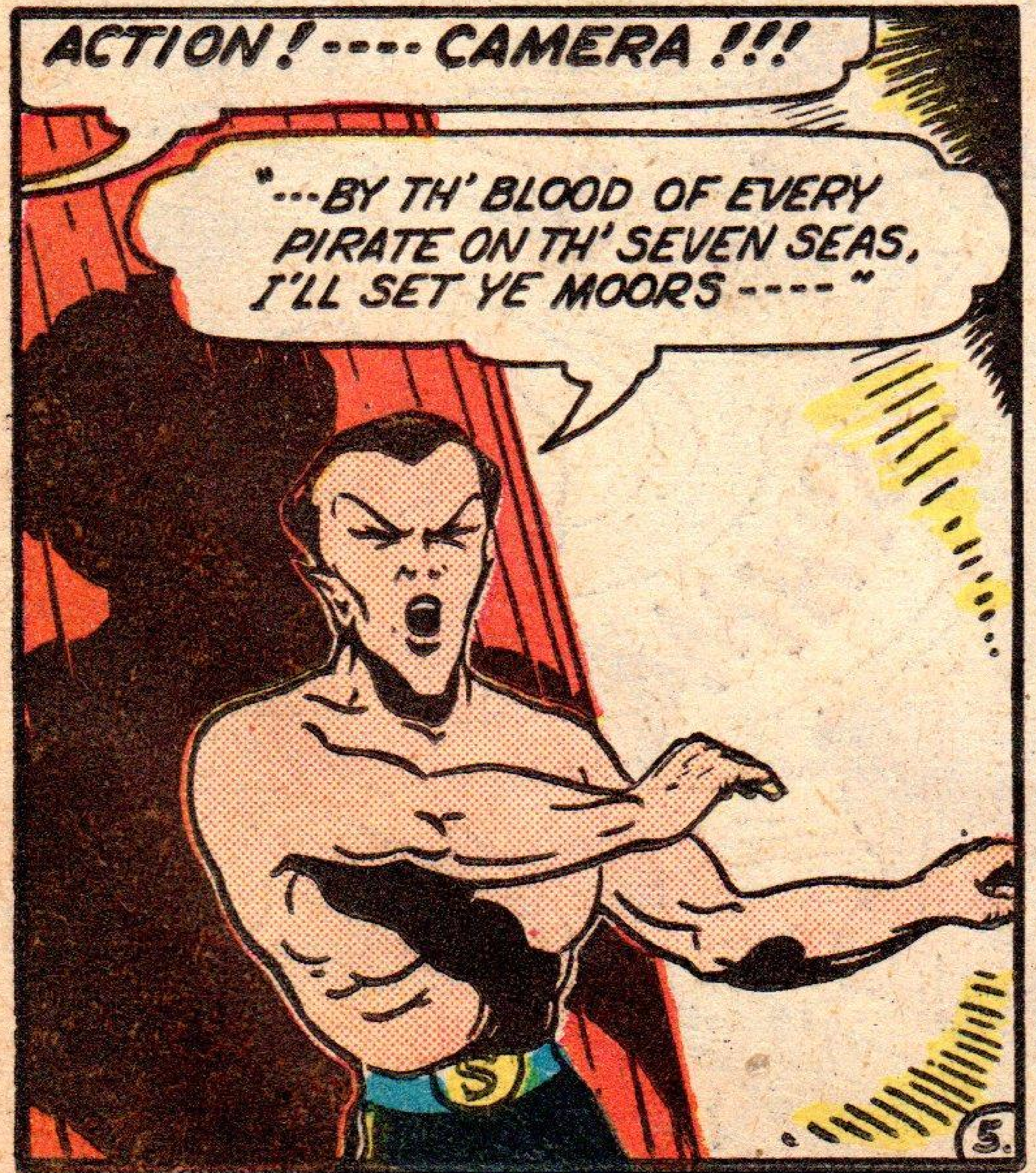
FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER, NAMOR RETURNS FROM HIS MYSTERIOUS ERRAND TO JOIN GORDON AND THE GIRLS ----
STEP RIGHT IN, FOLKS - WE'VE GOT A LONG TRIP AHEAD OF US --- MAKE YOURSELVES COMFORTABLE!
SAY, THIS IS QUITE A BOAT!
IT'LL BE DARK WHEN WE GET THERE, BUT WE'RE SHOOTING NIGHT SCENES NOW, SO YOU CAN TAKE YOUR TESTS ANYWAY ---- GOOD THING I SPOTTED YOU PEOPLE - WE NEED SOME NEW TALENT!
YOU FLATTER US, SIR! BUT DO YOU THINK WE'LL PASS THE TESTS?
AS NIGHT FALLS, THE SMALL BOAT APPROACHES AN ISLAND AND ENTERS A SECLUDED COVE -----
NAMOR - LOOK!!!
GALLOPIN' GARFISH!!! AN ANCIENT FRENCH "GALLEASS" - COMPLETELY RIGGED, AND FLYING THE JOLLY ROGER!!!
--- AND PULLS UP NEXT TO A ROPE LADDER ----
THIS IS OUR "LOCATION" -- PRETTY AUTHENTIC, ISN'T IT?
BROTHER, YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN!
ALMOST TOO AUTHENTIC! I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH EVIL-LOOKING MEN IN MY WHOLE LIFE!
HO! DON'T BE FRIGHTENED, MY DEAR -- THESE ARE "EXTRAS" — AMAZING WHAT MAKE-UP CAN DO, ISN'T IT?

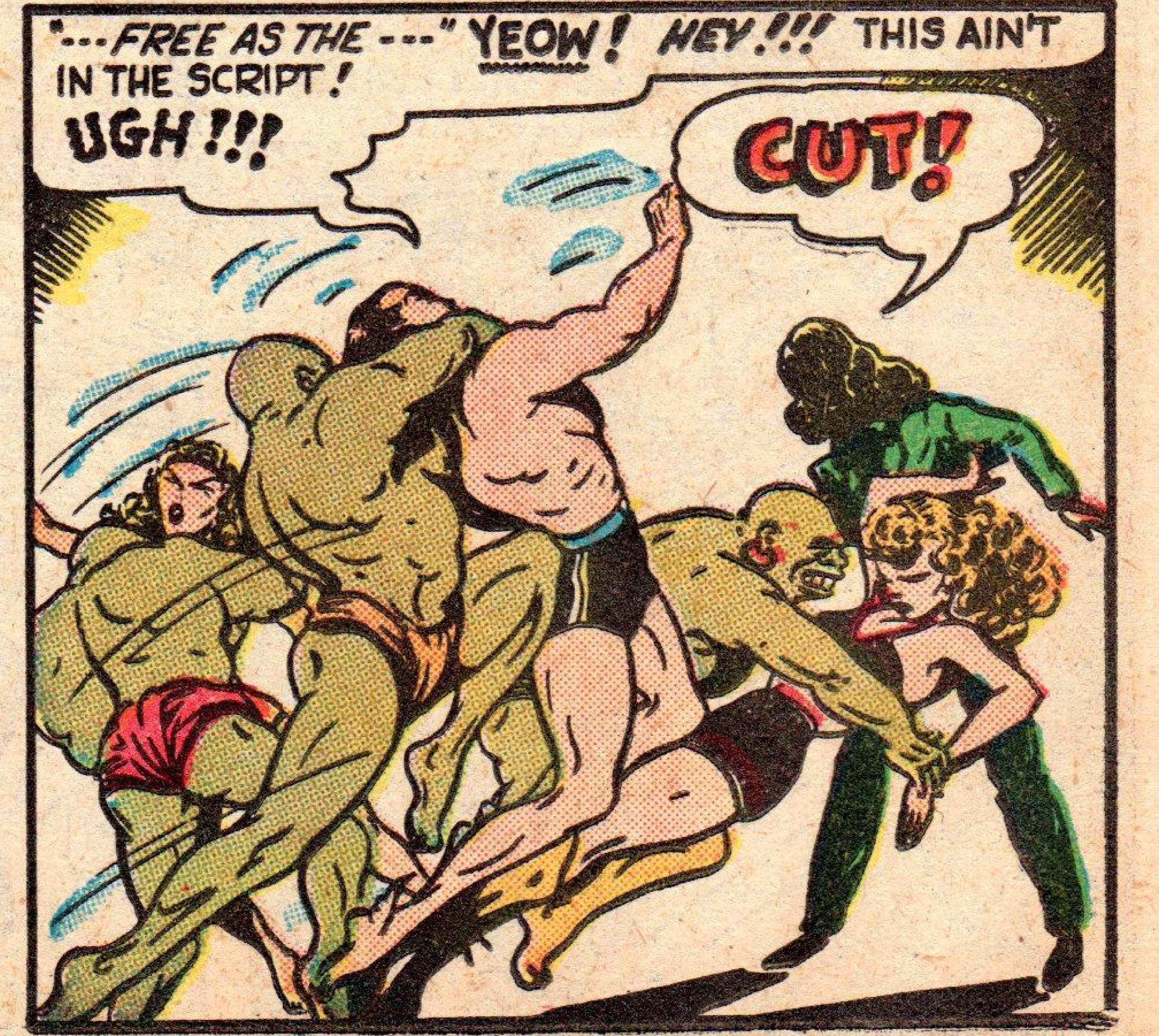
NOW, PEOPLE, WE'LL GO BACK AFT --- YOU'LL HAVE TO MEET THE BOSS --- OH, BY THE WAY, THE DIRECTOR IS A WOMAN ---
A *WOMAN*?
YES — HERE SHE IS — **SARI TARTAR**, FORMER ACTRESS, AND NOW OUR DIRECTOR ---- MISS TARTAR, HERE ARE THREE YOUNG ASPIRANTS LOOKING FOR SCREEN TESTS!
SO? *HMM-M-M!*
OH — *NO*!!!
YOU MAY LEAVE, GORDON! *SO* — YOU ARE SHOCKED, EH? WELL, YOU'LL GET USED TO IT — *I* HAD TO! I ONCE WAS AS BEAUTIFUL AS YOU TWO - AH - "VENUSES" — BUT FATE PLAYS STRANGE TRICKS, DOESN'T IT? HOWEVER, YOU'LL LEARN MORE ABOUT *THAT* LATER!
I SEEM TO RECALL READING ABOUT YOUR ACCIDENT, MISS TARTAR — I'M SORRY!
SORRY? HA! DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH! HERE - TAKE THESE SCRIPTS AND LEARN 'EM!
NOW, GO DOWN THROUGH THIS HATCH INTO THE HOLD --- YOU'LL FIND EVERYTHING READY THERE FOR YOUR TESTS --- I'LL JOIN YOU IN A FEW MINUTES ---
WHAT'S EATING THAT SO-AND---- *YIPE*!!! *HEY* — TURN OFF THOSE LIGHTS! I CAN'T SEE A THING!
KLEIG LIGHTS — A WHOLE BATTERY OF 'EM!


WOW! NAMOR, LOOK!
SUFFERIN' SHAD!!! ARE THEY ALL - DEAD ???


HO-HO!!! WHAT BIG IMAGINATIONS YOU HAVE, MY DEARS! THOSE ARE PAPIER-MACHÉ DUMMIES, YOU FOOLS! NOW-TAKE YOUR PLACES, AND WE'LL START THE TEST!


I HOPE YOU'VE MEMORIZED YOUR LINES ---- LET'S GO! LIGHTS---!


ACTION! ---- CAMERA !!!
"---BY TH' BLOOD OF EVERY PIRATE ON TH' SEVEN SEAS, I'LL SET YE MOORS ----"

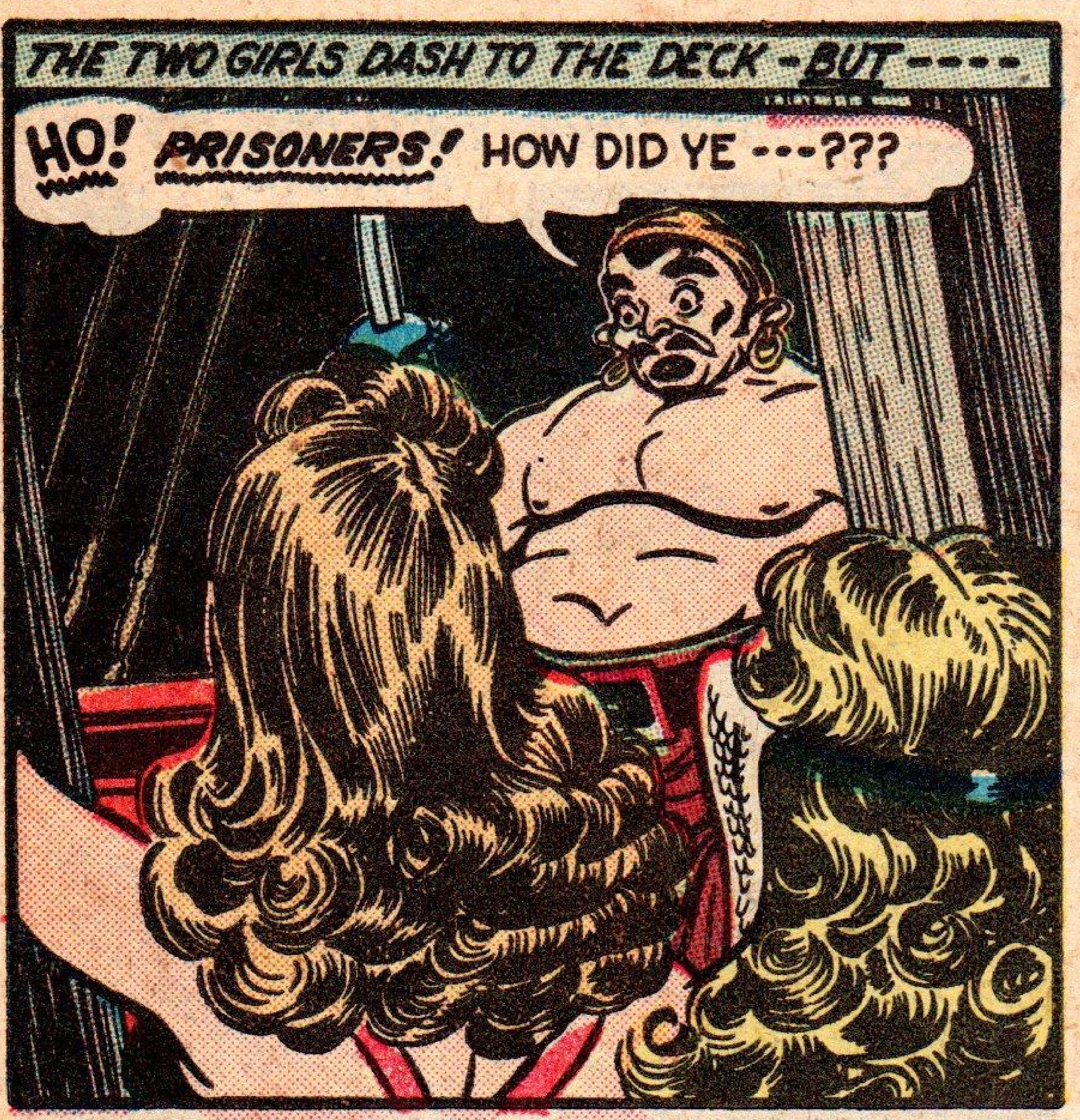

"---FREE AS THE ---" YEOW! HEY!!! THIS AIN'T IN THE SCRIPT! UGH!!!
CUT!

YA WON'T BE NEEDIN' NO SCRIP' FOR *DIS* SCENE, MIST' FISH-FACE! YA'S GONNA *SLEEP* FOR A *LONG* ---- *LONG* ---- *TIME*!!!
AS NAMOR IS SUBDUED BY THE BURLY AFRICAN, BETTY AND NAMORA ARE ALSO OVERCOME AND CARRIED BODILY TO THE SIDE OF THE GALLEASS---
---WHERE THEY ARE DUMPED ON A ROWERS' BENCH, AND THEIR WRISTS SECURELY BOUND TO OARS----
DIS'LL KEEP YA' BUSY FOR A WHILE!
AT THE SAME TIME, NAMOR IS CHAINED TO THE BUTT OF A MAST IN THE CENTER OF THE CORSAIR!
ALL RIGHT- *THAT'S ENOUGH*! THE CAMERA GOT IT, AND WE CAN DUB OUR OWN DIALOGUE IN LATER ---- NOW, TAKE YOUR PLACES!
ACTION! *CAMERA*!
YI-I-I-I-OW!!!
SH!
CRACK!
WHISH

NAMOR, TOO, RECEIVES A SALVO OF CUTTING BLOWS FROM THE AFRICAN'S CRUEL WHIP---
---AND WILD, TORTURED SCREAMS FILL THE AIR AS THE "DUMMIES" COME TO AGONIZED LIFE UNDER THE FURIOUS LASHING!
GIT ROWIN', YA MISERABLE DOGS!
WITH THE CLANKING OF CHAINS AS THE ANCHOR IS WEIGHED, THE GREAT SHIP SLOWLY RESPONDS TO THE CREAKING OARS, AND MOVES DOWN THE COVE----
A HUNDRED YARDS MORE, AND THAT'LL BE ENOUGH FOR THIS SCENE----
OKAY - THAT'S GOOD - CUT! HAVE THE ANCHOR DROPPED, AND WE'LL GET ON WITH THE NEXT ACT ---- THROW THOSE TWO FLORIDA BEAUTIES OUT ONTO THE DECK! I'VE A PERSONAL SCORE TO SETTLE WITH 'EM!!!
TWO BEATEN, EXHAUSTED GIRLS ARE DRAGGED FROM THE BENCHES----
NOW, MY PROUD VENUSES - WE'LL SEE HOW BEAUTIFUL YOU'LL BE WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH YOU!!!

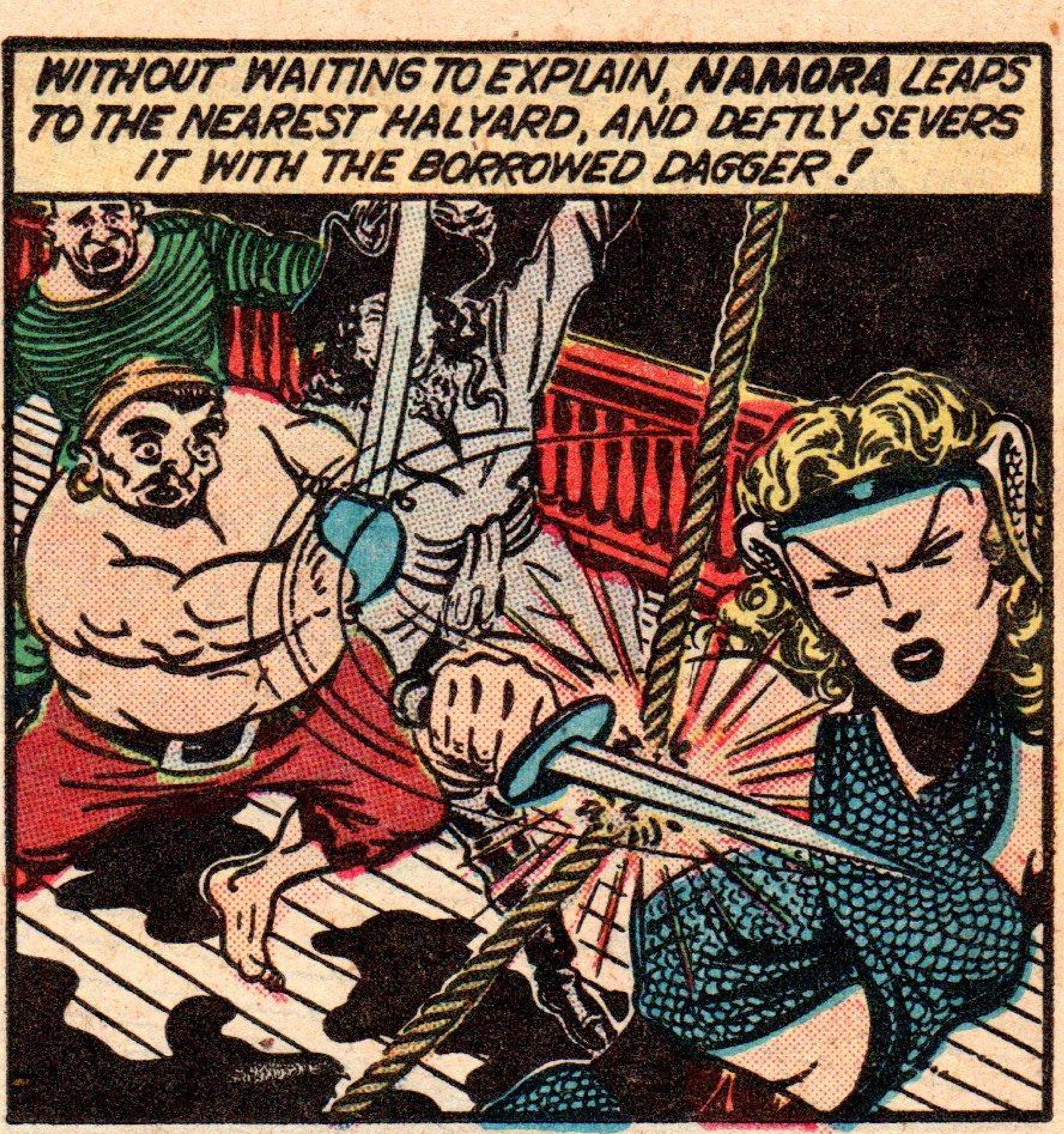
A FEW TRAGIC MOMENTS LATER -------
WHEW! MY ARM'S NOT WHAT IT USED TO BE! TAKE THE FADED GARDENIAS AWAY, GIORGO ---AND CARRY THAT NEW MALE RECRUIT UP TO THE DECK FOR THE TORTURE SCENE!
----AND NAMOR, UNCONSCIOUS, IS UNCHAINED AND DRAGGED UP THE COMPANIONWAY ----
C'MON, SWEETHEART—YA CAIN'T SLEEP ALL DE TIME—AN' WE GOT A DATE WID A ROPE!
ON DECK, HIS WRISTS ARE LASHED TO A HALYARD, AND ---
THAT'S HIGH ENOUGH, BOYS ---- BRING HIM TO WITH A BUCKET OF SALT WATER, JOHNSON!
YIPE!!!... WHAT—?
THE TOUCH OF HIS NATURAL ELEMENT —SALT WATER— INSTANTLY RESTORES THE SUB-MARINER'S TREMENDOUS STRENGTH!
SNAP!
WHAT THE—???
---AND, AS HE DROPS TO THE DECK, SARI TARTAR, ENRAGED, ATTACKS HIM, KNIFE IN HAND—!!!
WHY, YOU SLIMEY—!
CAREFUL, LADY! YOU'LL—-

OH, NO YOU DON'T, MY PRETTY! I DON'T KNOW JUST WHAT YOUR GAME IS, BUT IT'S ALTOGETHER TOO REAL TO SUIT ME!!!
PUT ME DOWN, YOU IDIOT!
OVER WE GO! DEEP INTO THE "BRINEY" — WHERE MAYBE YOU'LL COOL OFF FOR A MINUTE!
TWO MINUTES LATER-----
AND UP THE ANCHOR-CHAIN TO THE BOW OF THE SHIP — WHERE YOUR CREW WON'T BE LOOKING FOR US!
MEANWHILE, IN THE HOLD BELOW, NAMORA TAKES ADVANTAGE OF THE ABSENCE OF THE GUARDS, WHO HAVE RACED TO INVESTIGATE THE COMMOTION ON DECK----
IF I CAN JUST BITE THROUGH—
SUDDENLY FREE, SHE PICKS UP A DISCARDED DAGGER AND LIBERATES BETTY AND THE OTHERS!
THERE... YOU'RE FREE!
BETTY LEAPS TO THE NEAREST CAMERA, AND TEARS OUT THE EXPOSED FILM------
DOCUMENTARY EVIDENCE --- WE MAY NEED IT LATER!

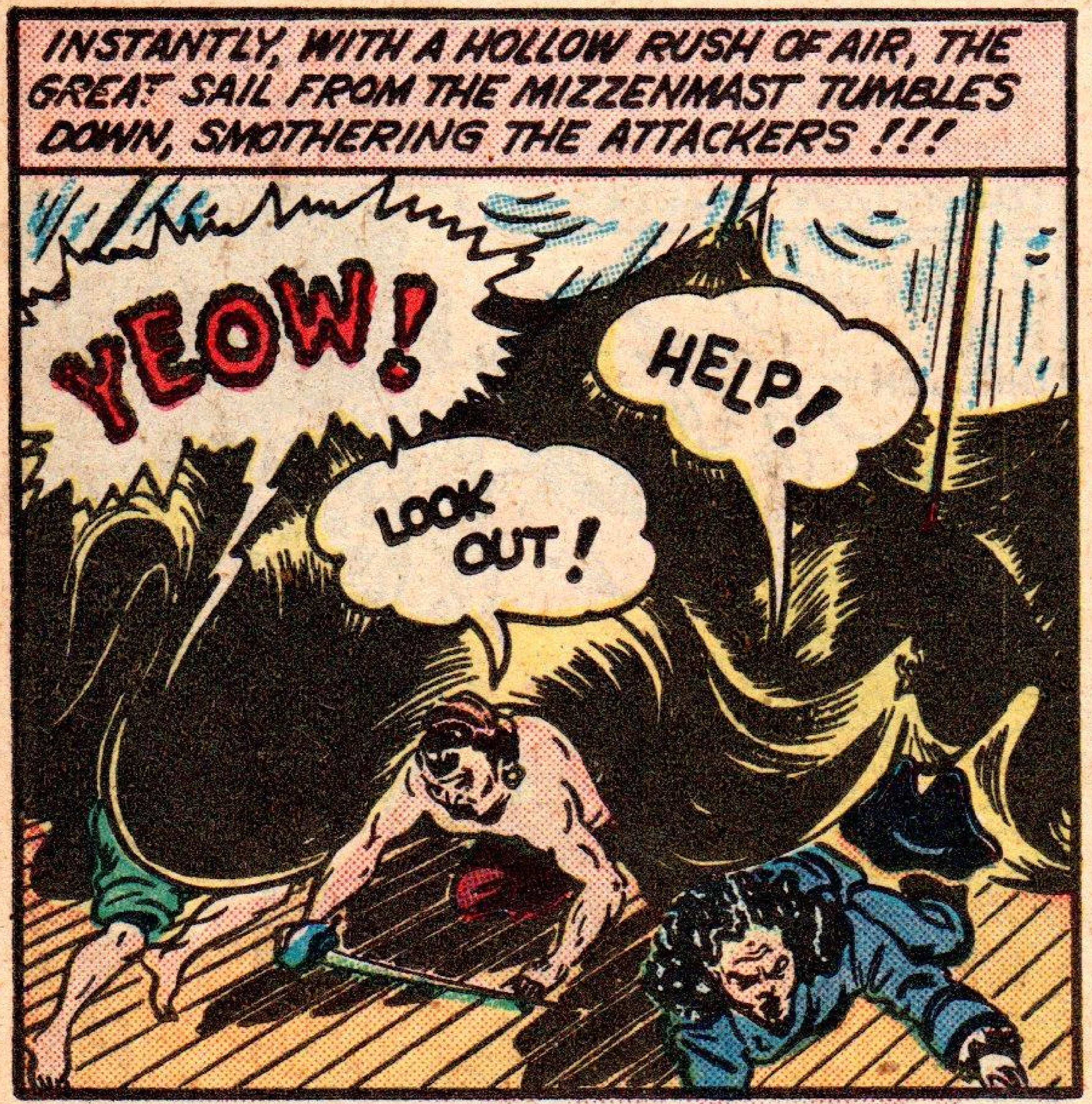


THE TWO GIRLS DASH TO THE DECK -BUT----

HO! PRISONERS! HOW DID YE ---???

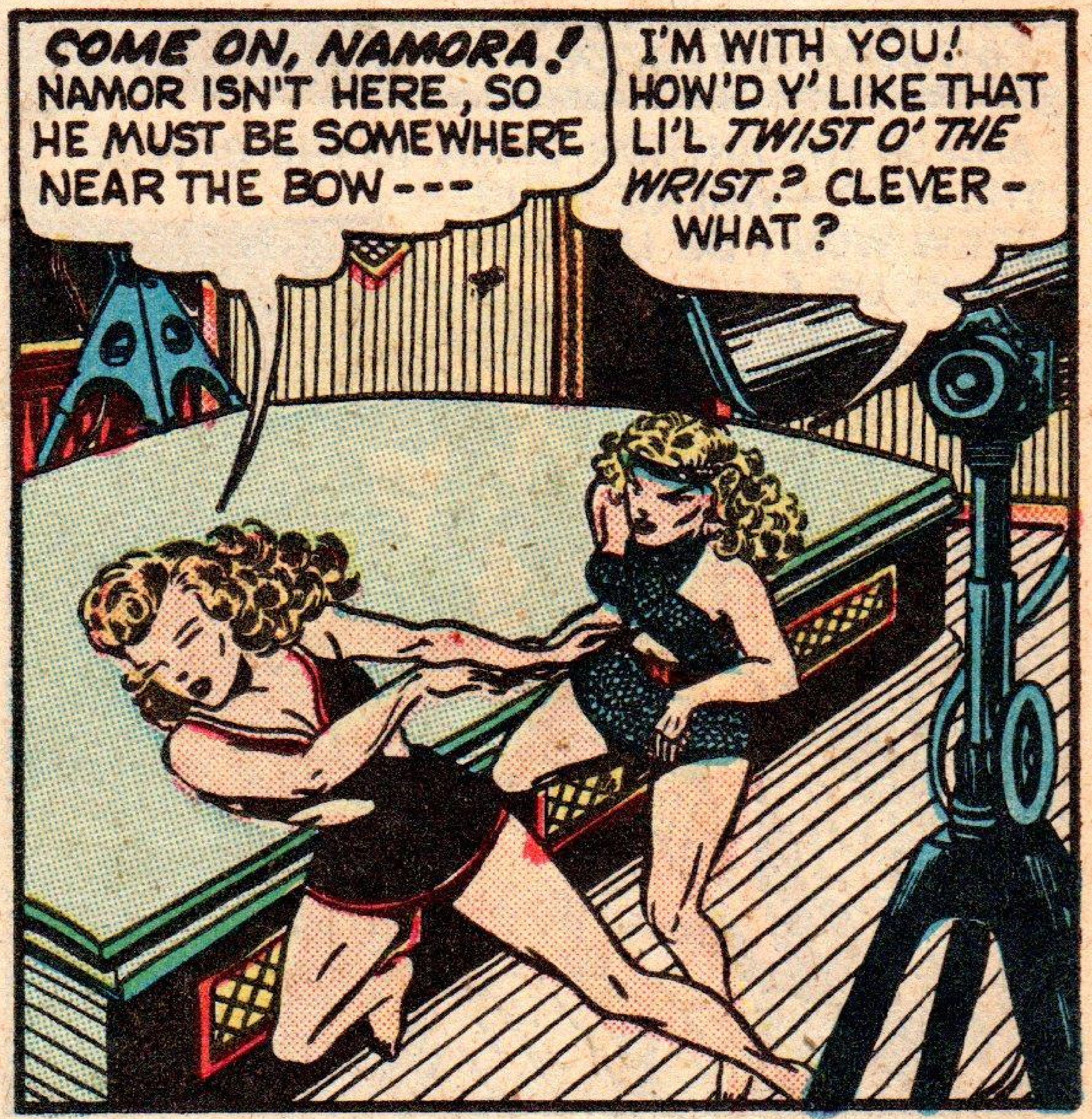


WITHOUT WAITING TO EXPLAIN, NAMORA LEAPS TO THE NEAREST HALYARD, AND DEFTLY SEVERS IT WITH THE BORROWED DAGGER!

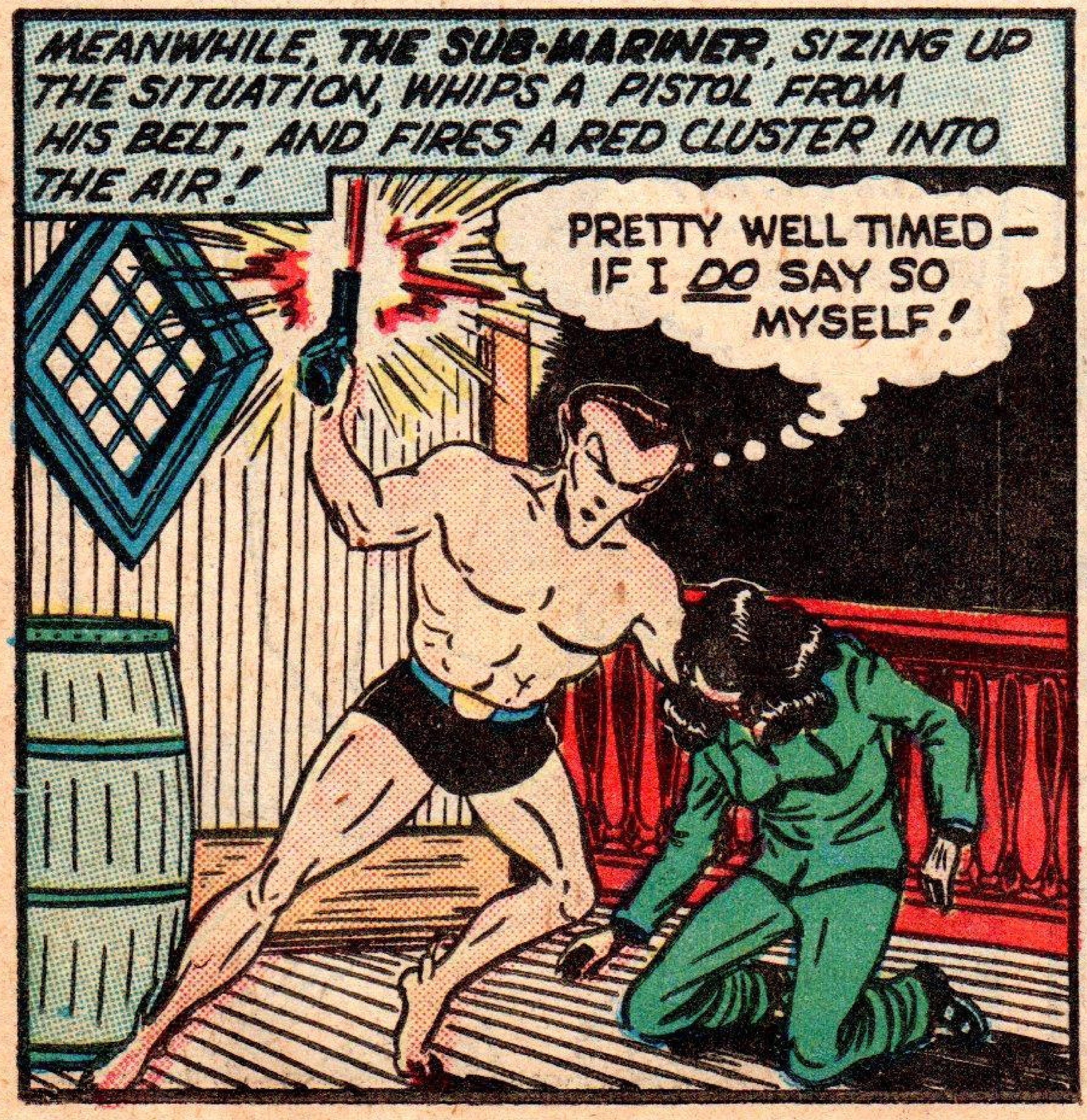


INSTANTLY, WITH A HOLLOW RUSH OF AIR, THE GREAT SAIL FROM THE MIZZENMAST TUMBLES DOWN, SMOTHERING THE ATTACKERS!!!

YEOW!
HELP!
LOOK OUT!

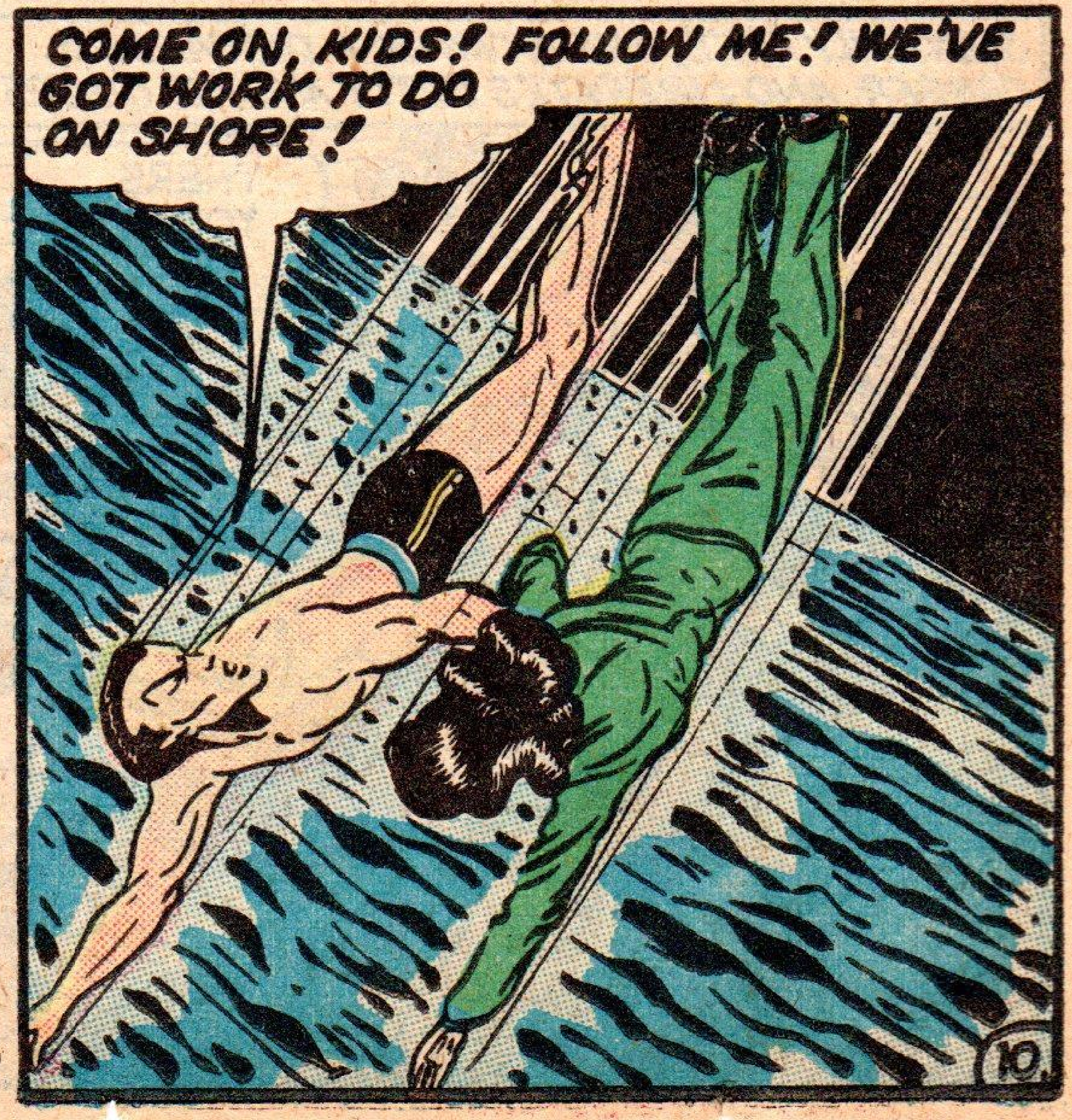


COME ON, NAMORA! NAMOR ISN'T HERE, SO HE MUST BE SOMEWHERE NEAR THE BOW---
I'M WITH YOU! HOW'D Y' LIKE THAT LI'L TWIST O' THE WRIST? CLEVER- WHAT?



MEANWHILE, THE SUB-MARINER, SIZING UP THE SITUATION, WHIPS A PISTOL FROM HIS BELT, AND FIRES A RED CLUSTER INTO THE AIR!

PRETTY WELL TIMED- IF I DO SAY SO MYSELF!



COME ON, KIDS! FOLLOW ME! WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO ON SHORE!

UNDER THE GLARE OF THE PYROTECHNIC SIGNAL, NAMOR, WITH HIS PRISONER, FOLLOWED BY BETTY DEAN AND NAMORA, WADES TO A BEACH ON THE SMALL ISLAND ----
WE FREED THE REST OF THE "SLAVES", AND THEY'RE RIOTING AGAINST THE CREW, NAMOR!
GOOD! NOW, IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT-----
AHA!!! MR. GORDON, I PRESUME?
HUH? WHAT-???
DRILL 'IM, STANLEY! HE'S BUSTED UP OUR PARTY!
WHY, YOU SNEAKING --! HOW DID YOU ---???
TAKE IT EASY, BROTHER! THAT THING MIGHT GO OFF - AND LITTLE BOYS SHOULDN'T PLAY WITH FIREARMS!
I HAVEN'T GOT THE ANGLE ON THIS DEAL YET, BUT WE'LL GET TO THE BOTTOM OF IT IN A FEW MINUTES!
NAMOR - LISTEN! SOUNDS LIKE A POWER-BOAT!
THAT'S JUST WHAT IT IS, BETTY! LIEUTENANT BYRON, OF THE UNITED STATES COAST GUARD, HAS BEEN WAITING FOR THAT FLARE SIGNAL --- NOW, COME ON - WE'LL USE THE SURF BOAT HERE - I DOUBT IF FRIEND GORDON CAN SWIM!
BUT NAMOR, HOW DID YOU KNOW --???
---THAT BYRON WOULD SEE THE SIGNAL? ELEMENTARY, MY DEAR NAMORA! THAT WAS PRE-ARRANGED WHEN I WENT ON THAT "ERRAND" BEFORE WE CAME OUT IN GORDON'S BOAT! - OKAY, YOU TWO - GET ROWIN'!
I WONDERED WHERE YOU WENT!

A FEW MINUTES LATER---
AHOY, SUB-MARINER! WHAT'S UP? I JUST SENT A SMALL BOARDING PARTY ACROSS TO THAT ANCIENT RIG, TO QUELL WHAT APPEARS TO BE A RIOT ON DECK! WHO ARE YOUR FRIENDS?
THIS, LIEUTENANT, IS SARI TARTAR OF GOLIATH STUDIOS, HOLLYWOOD - THE ONE PERSON, I THINK, WHO CAN EXPLAIN THE "CASE OF THE VANISHING VENUSES"! WHAT'S YOUR GAME, SARI?
SURE - I CAN EXPLAIN! I HAD TO MAKE A PICTURE, SEE? AND IT HAD TO BE REAL — NO FAKING -- SO I GOT ME ALL THE GOOD-LOOKIN' GIRLS I COULD FIND, AND A BUNCH OF EX-CONVICTS TO DO THE DIRTY WORK! NOW - LOOK AT ME! WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU HAD A FACE LIKE MINE???
I SWORE I'D GET EVEN WITH FATE! I'D MAKE ALL THOSE GIRLS AS UGLY AS I AM - IF I HAD TO KILL 'EM DOIN' IT! I - HATE - BEAUTIFUL - WOMEN!!!
HEY!
HOLD 'ER, KIDS! I WAS AFRAID SHE'D GET VIOLENT --SHE'S BALMY AS A LOON! THROW HER AND HER STOOGE, GORDON, IN THE BRIG FOR NOW--- THEY'LL HAVE TO BE TURNED OVER TO THE FLORIDA POLICE!
APPARENTLY NONE OF THE GIRLS DIED, BUT THEY'RE ALL IN BAD SHAPE! THE GOLIATH STUDIOS WILL BE HELD RESPONSIBLE — BUT I SUPPOSE SARI TARTAR WILL GET A HEARING BEFORE A SANITY BOARD! FATE CERTAINLY PLAYS STRANGE TRICKS ON SOME PEOPLE!
THE END

TERROR IN THE WOODS!

THE whole thing started in the north woods the summer before. That was the first time fear came . . . the blinding, horrible fear that made Ken want to cover his face with his hands and shudder every time he thought of what had happened.

He and Rick had been out hunting bear on their yearly two week vacation. The first week they had been unsuccessful; not a sign of a bear. Nevertheless, they were enjoying the outing, for just being out in the woods was wonderful after a year of humdrum life in the city. The pine-scented air and the roaring, crackling fires at night . . . the stars seen through the pine trees, and the deep musical sound of the mountain rapids not far from the camp brought an unearthly sense of contentment to Ken whether they found a bear or not.

Then the next day it happened. The dogs ran across a spoor that was fresh. Yapping and howling, they began to track it down. Ken and Rick stumbled along as best they could through the tough, scraggly underbrush. At last the dogs cornered the bear in a small brush-covered canyon. He and Rick broke through where the dogs were snarling and circling the enraged beast, as he reared back frantically against the rocks.

"This one's mine!" Rick shouted, as he ran forward, unslinging his rifle from across his back.

"Okay, take him!" Ken cried.

The bear was truly a terrible sight as he crouched there with the dogs darting in and out, nipping at his flanks. The dogs were quick as lightning, but if one of those sweeping, taloned claws ever caught one . . .!

Rick was running forward toward the bear. Then he knelt down and brought his 30.30 smoothly to his shoulder. At that moment, the bear uttered a strangled growl . . . his red-flecked eyes caught sight of Rick kneeling, and he charged! Straight through the pack of startled dogs he came, scattering them like ten-pins . . . straight at Rick!

Ken was petrified with terror! Then Rick's gun spoke . . . BLAM!! The bear wavered slightly but did not stop. Rick fired again and again! Ken knew he was hitting the bear because each time the gun went off he could see dust fly from the charging beast's pelt. Then suddenly it was too late. Up on his hind legs he went, towering over Rick . . . Rick fired again and the bear came down. There was a hideous scream, long and quivering and Ken covered his face with his hands.

There was silence for a long moment. Ken finally looked up and he saw the hulking dead body of the bear lying across the prostrate form of Rick. Ken shoved through the pack of baying dogs that was snarling and snapping at the dead bear. He rolled the heavy body off Rick and picked him up. Rick wasn't dead . . . he was breathing hoarsely, but his mangled throat and face told Ken he hadn't long to live.

For three long weary miles Ken fought his way through the underbrush, carrying Rick in his weary arms. At last, exhausted, he stumbled into the little village where they had bought their last supplies before setting out into the woods. But it was too late. Rick had died in his arms a few minutes before.

. . . Now, here he was again in the north woods on another hunting trip, trying to conquer the fear that had been within him all the past year. He couldn't forget those slavering jaws and dripping fangs . . . but most of all, he couldn't forget that last scream of Rick's.

The soft night air caressed his face as Ken lay on his back, staring up at the stars through the towering pines. He put out his hand and felt the smooth, oily mahogany stock of his 30.30 Winchester rifle that was lying next to him. Maybe he hadn't much courage . . . maybe he was a coward and would turn and run when he saw his next bear . . . but even if he did, his gun would speak for him with its tearing voice. One way or another, he was going to find out if he was still afraid!

In the morning the dogs picked up a trail, but it was old. There was still a chance to track the bear down, but it would mean plenty of hard work.

Ken examined the tracks in the soft mud at the edge of the little stream. He gasped. What a bear this was! The tracks were a full ten inches long! This was it then . . . this was the one for him. He shouted to the dogs and away they went, yapping and sniffing on the trail. Ken kept up with them as best he could.

When night came, he was utterly exhausted, but they had gained on the bear. Ken suspected that the bear knew he was being tracked, because the trail now showed signs of hurrying. The bear wasn't even trying to stop for food. Evidently he had been hunted before. Ken smiled; this was just what he wanted . . . a bear that was man-wise and shrewd . . . a worthy antagonist against which to pit his courage, if he still had any. And in the morning he would know.

Late the next afternoon the dogs reached the bear. He had decided to stop and fight. As Ken forced his way wearily through the woods, he could hear the dogs' aimless yapping and the angry snarls of the bear.

He broke through into a clearing and stopped short. It was exactly as if he had stepped into the past of a year ago. The dogs had backed the bear up against a giant pine tree; but this time Rick was not with him.

Ken's mouth felt dry and salty as he watched . . . he felt the sweat dripping down his chest and trickling along his side. His arms felt like wooden sticks hanging from his shoulders, limp and useless, and the gun seemed to be dragging him down . . . down! He stepped forward, forcing one foot to move, then the other. Now the bear saw him and reared up on his hind feet. He snarled and Ken could see the red hatred in his eyes . . . hatred of the man who had forced him to run like a trapped rat. He was wise, that old bear. That was why he was old.

There was a momentary pang of pity as Ken watched the trapped, maddened animal. But he wiped it away as he thought of Rick . . . and of all the dogs, and sheep and cattle these bears killed yearly. No, there was no room for pity here.

Ken had a mad impulse to throw away his rifle and run. He took a deep breath and conquered that impulse. The bear caught one dog quickly with a sweeping talon and knocked him, yipping with pain, twenty feet away into the underbrush. Then the bear charged at Ken!

Ken dropped to one knee quickly. Suddenly the whole thing seemed to him a bit ridiculous. He wanted to laugh. The bear was coming at him fast now, weaving from side to side as his ponderous bulk bore down on Ken with express-train speed.

The end of his rifle wavered slightly . . . Ken held his breath and squeezed the trigger. The sharp recoil of the gun felt good against his numb shoulder. One shot . . . that was all. Ken closed his eyes.

At the sounds of the dogs, he opened his eyes. The bear was lying on its side a scant three yards away from him. He was quite dead!

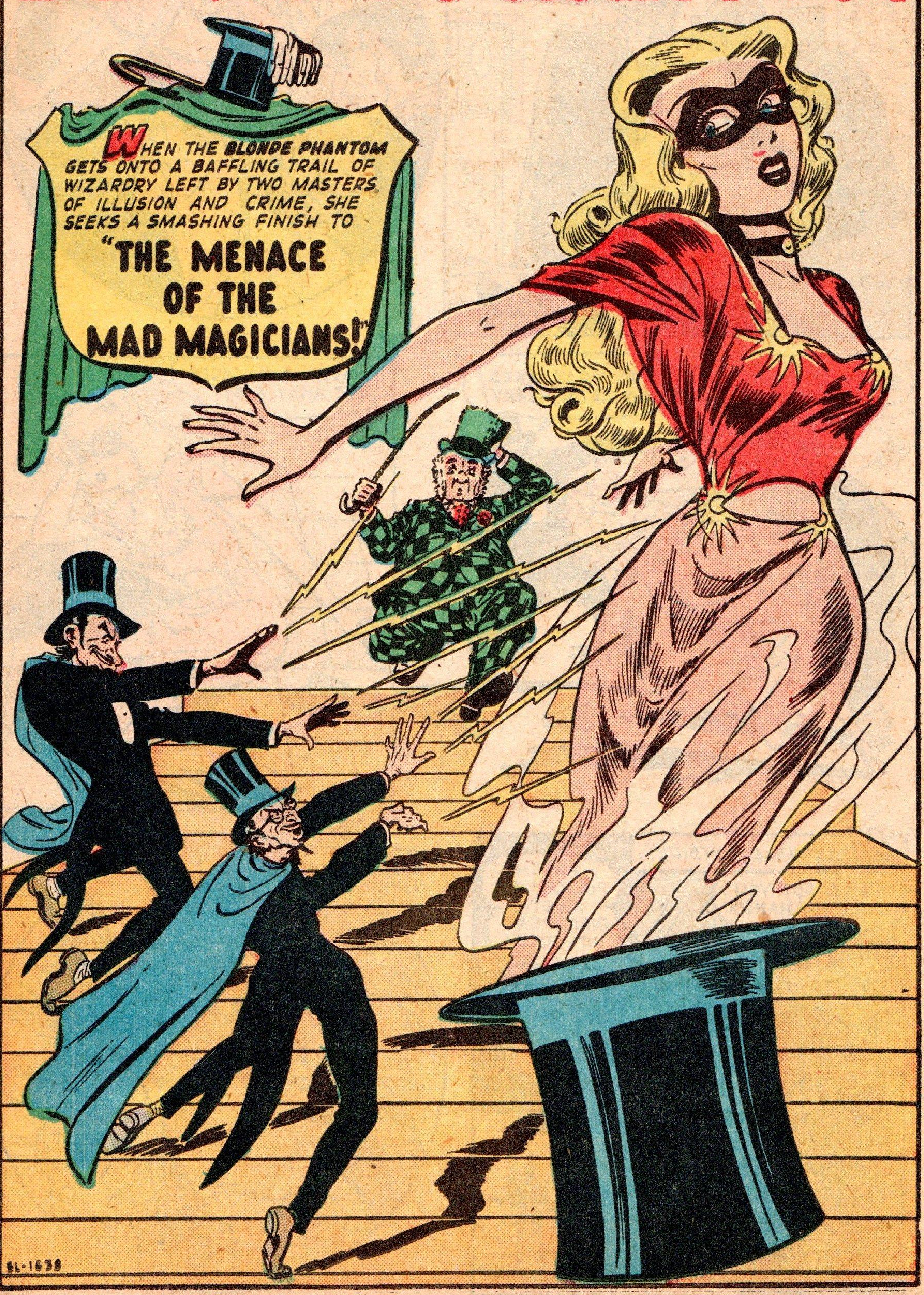
Placing his rifle on the ground, Ken took two steps toward the bear and nudged it with his foot. It did not move. He took another deep breath as he stood there. He wished Rick had been there to see. Maybe he *had* been. Maybe Rick had been standing by his shoulder the entire time, giving him strength!

Ken felt like shouting! The old fear was gone . . . he had conquered it the only way he knew how, by fighting as a man fights. And he had won! He knew he would never be afraid again . . . of anything!

THE END

SL—791

BLONDE PHANTOM


WHEN THE BLONDE PHANTOM GETS ONTO A BAFFLING TRAIL OF WIZARDRY LEFT BY TWO MASTERS OF ILLUSION AND CRIME, SHE SEEKS A SMASHING FINISH TO
"THE MENACE OF THE MAD MAGICIANS!"

SL-1638

A FIFTH AVENUE JEWELRY SHOP, AT MIDNIGHT...
A NICE NIGHT'S HAUL! NOW LET'S VANISH, EH, ABRA?
NO SOONER SAID THAN WE'LL DO IT, CADABRA!
SUDDENLY!
I'VE BEEN ON YOUR TRAIL FOR A LONG TIME, BOYS! BETTER CALL IT QUITS!
EH?
SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU, MY DEAR!
VERY NEAT, ABRA! NOW LET'S HURRY!
OOOOH... THEY SURE GOT AWAY FAST!
MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE...
WE'VE GOT YOU COVERED! HANDS UP!
AH, THE POLICE! WE MUST DISAPPEAR AT ONCE!
BOONA, BOONA— VANISH SOONER!
WHAT THE..?

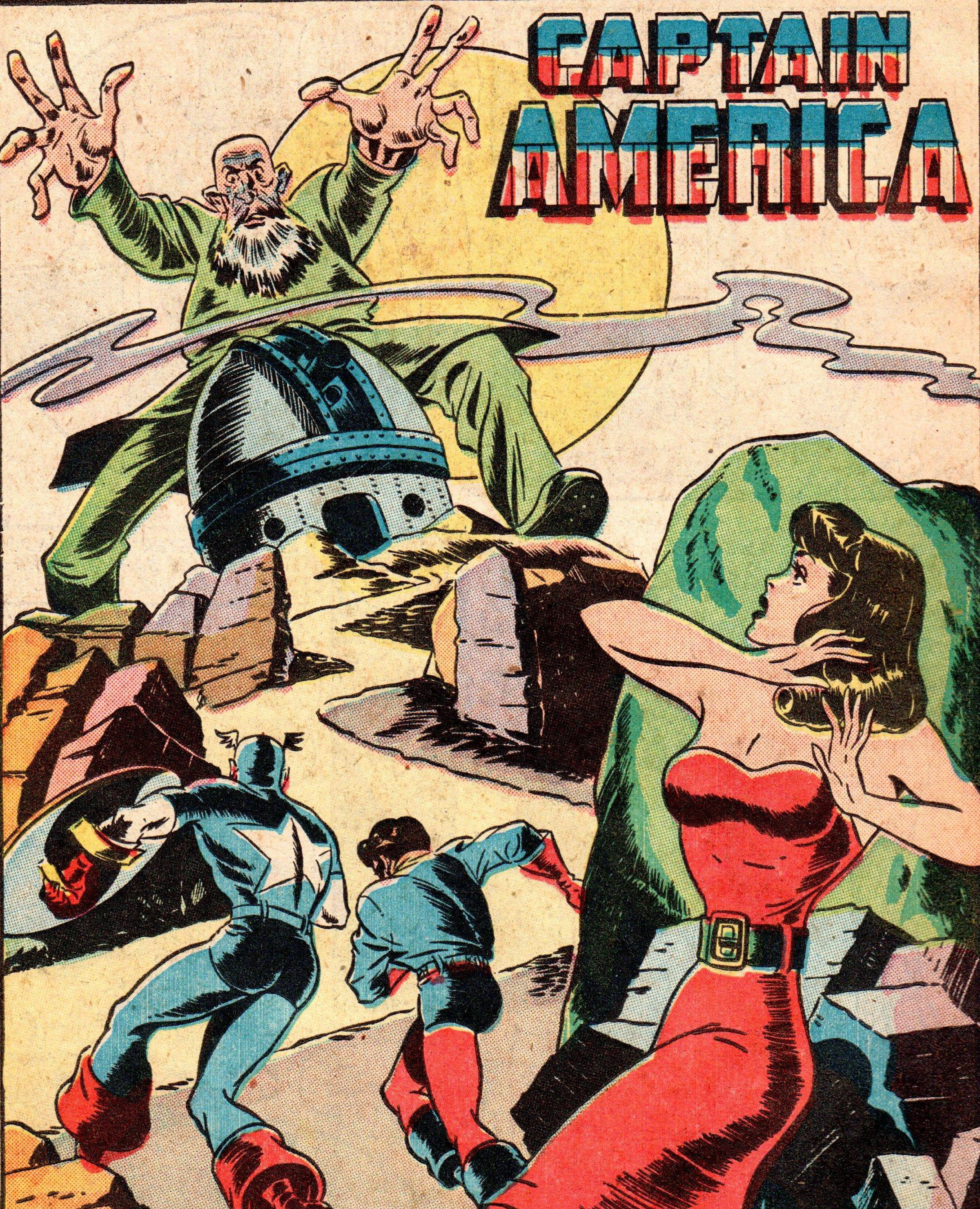
SECONDS LATER...
GONE! VANISHED INTO THIN AIR!
WHEW! WAIT'LL THE CHIEF HEARS ABOUT THIS!
THE FOLLOWING DAY, AT MARK MASON'S DETECTIVE AGENCY...
GET THIS, LOUISE! TWO MYSTERIOUS CROOKS GOT AWAY WITH $50,000 IN JEWELS LAST NIGHT! THE POLICE SAY THEY USED SOME KIND OF BLACK MAGIC!
THAT SO?
WHAT I NEED IS EVIDENCE AGAINST THOSE TWO! I WANT TO SETTLE ACCOUNTS WITH THEM!
SAY, MARK—I'VE GOT A TWO WEEK VACATION COMING TO ME! CAN I TAKE IT STARTING NOW? CAN I, HANDSOME?
OKAY! GO AHEAD, LOUISE, AND HAVE FUN!
LATER, IN HER APARTMENT, LOUISE GRANT BECOMES... THE BLONDE PHANTOM!
I THINK WEBBER'S THEATRICAL AGENCY IS THE PLACE TO START MY INVESTIGATIONS!
MEANWHILE, AT WEBBER'S THEATRICAL AGENCY...
SAY! WHO ARE YOU?
TUSH, TUSH! SURELY J.B. GLOOP, THE WORLD'S GREATEST MAGICIAN, NEEDS NO INTRODUCTION!
SHALL I GIVE YOU A DEMONSTRATION OF MY TALENTS?
I CAN'T USE YOUR ACT, GLOOP! NO MAGIC ACT CAN COMPETE WITH ABRA AND CADABRA! THEY'RE A HIT WHEREVER THEY PLAY!
3

I'M MORE THAN A MATCH FOR THEM, SIR! WITH A PRETTY GIRL ASSISTING ME, I CAN...
THE ANSWER IS NO, GLOOP! NOW, GET OUT!
EXCUSE ME!
I'M LOOKING FOR A COUPLE OF MAGICIANS NAMED ABRA AND CADABRA! CAN YOU TELL ME ANYTHING ABOUT THEM?
I'M SORRY! ABRA AND CADABRA ARE THEIR OWN AGENTS! WE DON'T HANDLE THEM!
I ONLY WISH WE DID! FOR MY MONEY, ABRA AND CADABRA ARE THE WORLD'S GREATEST MAGICIANS!
A MONSTROUS MISSTATEMENT OF FACT, SIR! WHY, IF I HAD A PRETTY YOUNG LASS LIKE THE BLONDE PHANTOM IN MY ACT...
BY GLORY! THAT'S A GREAT IDEA! THE BLONDE PHANTOM IN ANY ACT WOULD BE A SENSATION! IF SHE'LL DO IT, YOU'RE HIRED!
YOUR MONETARY GAIN WOULD BE CONSIDERABLE, MISS PHANTOM! AND I'D—ARRUMPH—CONSIDER IT A GREAT FAVOR!
WHY NOT? IT MIGHT BE A GOOD WAY TO CONTACT THOSE MAGICIANS!
I'LL AGREE TO IT PROVIDED YOU BOOK US INTO THE SAME CITIES ABRA AND CADABRA ARE PLAYING IN!
IT'S A DEAL THEN! YOU'VE STRUCK IT RICH, GLOOP! WITH HER IN YOUR ACT, YOU'LL BE COLOSSAL!

IETY
BLONDE PHANTOM ON TOUR!
BLONDE PHANTOM AND GLO WOW VODVIL, NIGHTCLUB CROWD RIOTS, TRIES TO STORM THEATRE! MAGIC ACT TERRIFIC HIT!
A FEW DAYS LATER, BACKSTAGE...
I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU, BLONDE PHANTOM! WE'RE A GREAT SUCCESS! I OWE EVERYTHING TO YOU!
NONSENSE, J.B.! YOU'D BE A HIT ANYHOW!
MEANWHILE, NOT FAR AWAY...
THE BLONDE PHANTOM IS MAKING MONKEYS OUT OF US! SINCE SHE'S BEEN IN GLOOP'S ACT, WE'VE BEEN PLAYING TO EMPTY THEATRES!
FORGET IT, ABRA, AND WORRY ABOUT OUR NEXT HAUL INSTEAD!
THAT'S JUST IT! OUR MAGIC ACT IS A FRONT FOR THE JOBS WE PULL— BUT IT WON'T BE UNLESS WE KEEP WORKING! AND WE MAY NOT BE WORKING LONG UNLESS WE DRAW BIGGER CROWDS!
SAY! THE BLONDE PHANTOM IS AT THE WHIRLAGIG CLUB THIS WEEK! IF WE'D PULL OUR NEXT JOB THERE, WE'D CLEAN UP!
...AND MAKE THE BLONDE PHANTOM AND GLOOP LOOK LIKE SAPS!
AND I KNOW JUST HOW WE'LL DO IT! WE'LL PULL THE MONSTER GAG! DO YOU FOLLOW ME, CADABRA?
ALL THE WAY, ABRA!
AND SO, THE FOLLOWING EVENING, AT THE WHIRLAGIG CLUB...
AND NOW, LADEEZ AND GENTLEMEN, THE BLONDE PHANTOM WILL OPEN THE TRUNK AND 50 BABY RABBITS WILL EMERGE! READY, PHANTOM?
YES, SIR! ONE, TWO, THREE, ALLEY...

EEEOW!
WHA...? WHERE DID *THOSE* THINGS COME FROM?
SOMETHING'S WRONG! I PLANTED THOSE RABBITS IN THE TRUNK MYSELF! NOW, *WHY* WOULD ANYONE CHANGE THE PROPS?
GO BACK, YOU FIENDS! AHEM! THIS IS YOUR MASTER TALKING!
THE CROWD'S IN A PANIC! WHOEVER IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS, *WANTED* THIS CONFUSION!
EEK!
HELP!
CALM DOWN THIS AUDIENCE! TELL 'EM THIS IS ALL PART OF THE ACT! I'M GOING TO DO A LITTLE INVESTIGATING!
DON'T BE ALARMED, FOLKS! WATCH THE GREAT J.B. GLOOP DISPATCH THESE CRUDE APPARITIONS! IT'S ALL PART OF THE ACT!
IN THE MANAGER'S OFFICE...
PRESTO—AND THE SAFE IS OPEN! IT'S WONDERFUL WHAT A LITTLE MAGIC CAN DO, EH, CADABRA?
PLANTING THAT MONSTER ILLUSION IN GLOOP'S STAGE TRUNK WAS A STROKE OF GENIUS! WE'LL ESCAPE IN THE CONFUSION BEFORE ANYONE SUSPECTS WHAT HAPPENED!
6

I WOULDN'T BE *TOO* SURE NO ONE SUSPECTS YOU!
HIPSY-DIPSY ALLEEY-FAZOO! YOUR GUN IS NOW A HEAD OF CAULIFLOWER!
IS IT?
THEN I MUST BE FIRING VEGETABLE BULLETS!
DON'T SHOOT! WE'LL GO QUIETLY, WON'T WE, CADABRA?
BEYOND A DOUBT, ABRA!
LATER, AFTER ABRA AND CADABRA ARE SAFELY IN THE HANDS OF THE POLICE...
WITH THE PUBLICITY I'LL GET FROM THIS CASE, I'LL BE A BIG SUCCESS! HOW CAN I EVER REPAY YOU, MY LITTLE CHERUB?
DON'T TRY, GLOOP! MY REWARD IS IN PUTTING CROOKS LIKE THOSE TWO BEHIND BARS!
NEXT DAY...
WELCOME BACK, LOUISE! HOW'D YOU ENJOY YOUR VACATION? LEARN ANYTHING NEW?
NOTHING MUCH! BUT WHAT'S THAT BEHIND YOUR EAR?
AN EGG! NOW HOW DID *THAT* HAPPEN?
IT SEEMS I *DID* LEARN *SOMETHING* FROM WORKING WITH J. B. GLOOP! I CAN PRACTICE A LITTLE MAGIC MYSELF!
THE END



EVERY MAN'S DESTINY LIES WRITTEN IN THE ETERNAL STARS AND THE MOTIONS OF THE PLANETS DETERMINE THE LIVES OF EARTHBOUND MORTALS! SO SAYS THE "*ORACLE*," WITH A SOMBER PROPHECY OF VIOLENCE FOR THE MIGHTY ***CAPTAIN AMERICA*** AND ***BUCKY***. BUT THE DARING DUO IGNORES A DIRE PREDICTION AS THEY ATTEMPT TO HALT...

"THE PHANTOM OF THE PLANETARIUM!"

AT THE LEE SCHOOL...
MISS TODD IS TAKING OUR ASTRONOMY CLASS TO THE PLANETARIUM! COMING ALONG, STEVE?
OH YES, BUCKY! I PROMISED TO HELP HER!
COME ALONG, CHILDREN! WE'LL TAKE THE BUS!
IT'S NICE OF YOU TO HELP ME, STEVE!
NOT AT ALL, MISS TODD! I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO THE PLANETARIUM! IT'S ALWAYS AN INTERESTING PLACE TO VISIT!
LATER, AT THE PLANETARIUM...
THIS IS A MODEL OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM AND THE ORBITS OF THE PLANETS AROUND THE SUN!
GEE!
THIS IS A GIANT METEORITE WHICH FELL FROM OUTER SPACE!
THIS IS A WORTHY CAUSE! IF ANY OF YOU CHILDREN HAVE SPARE PENNIES, YOU MAY DONATE THEM!
DONATIONS FOR NEW WING
THEN...
HEAR YE! LISTEN TO THE "ORACLE"! DESTINY IS IN THE STARS! THE MOTIONS OF THE PLANETS DETERMINE ALL OUR LIVES!
WHO'S THAT ODD FELLOW?

A CRACKPOT! CALLS HIMSELF *THE "ORACLE"!* HE USED TO BE ON THE PLANETARIUM STAFF, UNTIL HE GOT TO BELIEVING IN ***ASTROLOGY!***
ASTROLOGY, MAKING PREDICTIONS BY THE STARS, IS HUMBUG, OF COURSE!
PLANETARIUM
HUMBUG IS IT? THAT'S WHAT ALL THE FOOLS SAY! BUT MY STAR-CHARTS SHOW THAT SOMETHING IS GOING TO HAPPEN ***RIGHT HERE, SOON!***
AND SOMETHING **DOES** HAPPEN—DOWN THE HALL!
PUT YOUR COIN IN, BOBBY—***EEK! ROBBERS!***
OUTA THE WAY, KID!
THE CRY IS HEARD BY STEVE AND BUCKY, AND AN INSTANT LATER, THEY SWITCH TO THE FAMED FIGHTING COSTUMES OF ***CAPTAIN AMERICA AND HIS BOY AIDE!***
HELP!
LOOK! THEY GRABBED THE DONATION MONEY!
WORK FOR US, KID! LET'S GO!
THEY WON'T GET FAR!
THEY DIDN'T BELIEVE ME, EH? THE FOOLS! I TOLD THEM SOMETHING WOULD HAPPEN—AND IT **DID**!

GET THE OTHER ONE, BUCKY!
HEY!
THIS IS ALL YOU'LL GET!
OOOF!
WHAM!
CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY ARE STOPPED ONLY FOR A MOMENT!
ARE YOU OKAY, KID? COME ON, LET'S NAB THEM BEFORE THEY REACH THE DOOR!
MEANWHILE...
YOU GOT THE LOOT ALL RIGHT?
YEH, BOSS! BUT CAPTAIN AMERICA IS RIGHT BEHIND US!
QUICK! HIDE THE SACK IN THIS METEORITE! YOU KEEP RUNNING AND DECOY THEM AWAY! THEN I CAN SLIP THE SACK AWAY LATER!
ALL THINGS ARE WRITTEN IN THE STARS!
IT'S ONLY THAT CRACKPOT, THE "ORACLE"! THE CROOKS ARE AHEAD!
NOW— HUH?
I SAW YOU PUT THE SACK IN THE METEORITE! YOU HIRED THE THIEVES FOR THIS THEFT!

MMMFFFFF!
BAH! YOU'LL SPOIL EVERYTHING! I'LL KEEP YOU FROM YELLING!
MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE HALL OF PLANETS...
GIVE 'EM HOT LEAD WHEN THEY COME IN!
RIGHT!
LOOK OUT, BUCKY– GUNFIRE!
I'D BETTER JUMP UP AND TAKE A RIDE ON THE PLANETS!
AND NOW BACK TO EARTH!
THUD!
WITHOUT A GUN, YOU GUYS ARE ALWAYS PUSHOVERS!

I GOT ONE, CAP! NOW GET *YOUR* MAN!
I'M GONNA GET A BULLET PAST YOUR SHIELD YET!
HELP!
THIS TELESCOPE! I'LL GIVE IT A SPIN, AND...
YEOWW!
OOOOOOOOO
AND THAT TAKES CARE OF BOTH OF THEM!
BUT, CAP! NEITHER OF THEM WAS CARRYING THE SACK! *WHERE'S THE LOOT?*
THEY MUST HAVE CACHED IT SOMEWHERE BEFORE!

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE METEORITE...
I TIED UP THE GIRL! NOW TO TAKE THE LOOT AND... WHA...? THOSE TWO MEDDLERS ARE COMING BACK AGAIN! BUT I'LL OUTWIT THEM!
HEY, "ORACLE"! DID YOU HAPPEN TO SEE THE THUGS HIDE THE LOOT?
MY FRIENDS, I AM ONLY INTERESTED IN THE STARS AND THEIR PROPHETIC MESSAGE TO MANKIND!
THEN!
OW! HEY! WHAT'S THIS?
MISS TODD! BOUND AND GAGGED!
BAH! THE FATES ARE AGAINST ME! I MUST ESCAPE!
YOU'RE INTERESTED IN STARS, EH? HAVE SOME!
I SEE IT ALL NOW! YOU WANTED REVENGE AGAINST THE PLANETARIUM FOR OUSTING YOU! SO YOU HIRED THE THUGS AND MADE A SPIEL TO ATTRACT EVERYONE'S ATTENTION WHILE THEY GRABBED THE SACK! PRETTY CLEVER, "ORACLE"! BUT DID YOUR HOROSCOPE TELL YOU YOU'D BE IN JAIL NEXT?
LATER...
THE PLANETARIUM CAN CERTAINLY THANK CAPTAIN AMERICA FOR SAVING THEIR MONEY AND CATCHING THE "ORACLE"!
NOT TO MENTION YOU, MISS TODD! YOU DELAYED THE "ORACLE" LONG ENOUGH FOR CAPTAIN AMERICA TO NAB HIM!
THE END

Miss AMERICA
CHAPTER IX "BEGINNING OF THE END!"
ESCAPING FROM THE DEATH TRAP SET BY THE DIABOLICAL REX IN AN ABANDONED MINE, THE VALIANT FLASHING-FISTED MISS AMERICA SPEEDS TO THE BUENOS AIRES VILLA OF THE VILLAINOUS VELASQUESA WHO IS LIAISON TO REX AND THE MICROFILM FORMULA, MORE DESTRUCTIVE THAN THE ATOM BOMB! BUT A SHOCKING SURPRISE AWAITS THE DARING MISS AMERICA— FOR ANOTHER HAS ALREADY BEEN THERE ON A— MURDEROUS MISSION!
MICROFILM
R-426

THE DOOR WAS PARTLY OPEN! BUT NO ONE SEEMS TO BE IN...UMMM, I'M WRONG ON THAT! SOMEONE *IS* HERE! AND IT'S...
VELASQUESA, **DEAD!** HIS NECK'S BROKEN! HIS BODY'S STILL WARM SO IT COULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED MORE THAN HALF AN HOUR AGO! HE MUST HAVE FALLEN DOWN THE STAIRS— A STRUGGLE OF SOME SORT!
THAT LOOKS LIKE THE GUN VELASQUESA HAD AND THERE'S A 'PHONE HURLED FROM UPSTAIRS! NOW I GET THE SET-UP!
VELASQUESA ACCOSTED SOMEONE WITH A GUN THERE AT THE 'PHONE TABLE. THAT PERSON HURLED THE 'PHONE, TUMBLING HIM DOWNSTAIRS! A 'PHONE CALL MUST HAVE BEEN THE ISSUE. MAYBE I CAN TRACE THE CALL ON THE LIBRARY 'PHONE'
OPERATOR, THIS IS POLICE BUSINESS! WAS A CALL MADE OR RECEIVED AT 302 SAN DONA ROAD, EXCHANGE 30 ABOUT HALF AN HOUR AGO!
.A CALL CAME IN FROM THE CASA DE LUTRIO, ROOM 405, THIRTY MINUTES AGO!
THANK YOU!
OH, OH, VELASQUESA'S GORILLAS! I'VE BEEN WONDERING ABOUT THEM!
THE *BOSS!* *DEAD!*
2

BET THE DAME DID — (GULP!) **MISS AMERICA!**
OUT OF OUR WAY! THIS BUST WILL STOP YOU!
OH YES? HOW'S THIS?
YOU THUGS HAVE BOUNCED AROUND LONG ENOUGH! THINK I'LL TIE YOU DOWN!
QUICKLY!
THAT PICTURE WIRE DID THE JOB! NOW, WHAT "DAME" DO YOU THINK DID IT? WHAT ABOUT THE MICROFILM?
WE DON'T HAVE IT! NEITHER DID VELASQUESA, BUT ELISE WINTERS WAS COMING IN AS WE WERE GOING OUT, TO BUY SOME AQUAMARA!
AND SOON ---
I'VE NOTIFIED THE POLICE TO PICK THEM UP! IF THEY TOLD THE TRUTH, WHERE DOES ELISE FIT IN NOW? AND REX, WHAT'S **HE** UP TO? MAYBE CASA DE LUTRIO, ROOM 405 HAS THE ANSWER!
IN ROOM 405...
TUM DEE DA --- VELASQUESA WILL BE HERE ANY MOMENT AND HE'S SO ANXIOUS FOR THE MICROFILM, HE'LL PAY **MY** PRICE! I'LL MAKE IT $200,000 AT LEAST! HE REPRESENTS BIG CONNECTIONS! OH, THERE HE IS!
COME IN!
KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!
ELISE!
YES, MY **DEAR** SISTER!

THAT *GUN!* DON'T BE A FOOL! PUT IT *DOWN!*
OH NO, MY *DEAR* STEP-SISTER! I'VE NEVER HAD ANY LOVE FOR YOU AND YOUR SLY WAYS!
. . .AND NOW YOUR DOUBLECROSS! WE WERE TO SHARE THE MICROFILM SALE TOGETHER, BUT YOU'VE BROUGHT IT TO SELL TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER BY YOURSELF! WHERE IS THE MICROFILM? EITHER I GET *IT,* OR I KILL *YOU!*
ALL YOU'LL GET IS A MURDER CHARGE OVER YOUR HEAD! ELISE, WE CAN WORK THIS TOGETHER! PUT DOWN THE GUN!
AND LET YOU CROSS ME UP AGAIN? *NO THANKS!* WELL, WHERE'S THE MICROFILM?
IT'S NOT HERE! I PUT IT IN A SAFE PLACE! OUT OF THE BUILDING ENTIRELY! I DIDN'T WANT TO TAKE ANY CHANCES! I WAS GOING TO BRING VELASQUESA THERE AS SOON AS HE HAD PAID PART OF THE MONEY, AND PROVED HIMSELF... **OH, WHAT'S THAT?**
CLICK
SOUNDS LIKE THE DOOR! NO, IT WAS ONLY THE WIND!
I'LL TAKE THAT GUN!
OH, **NO!** NO YOU DON'T!

OUTSIDE ROOM 405!
405
BANG! BANG!
THERE! I'VE WRESTED AWAY THE GUN, YOU LITTLE FOOL! LUCKY YOUR SHOTS WENT WILD! NOW GET THIS, I DO NOT HAVE THE MICROFILM HERE! IT'S IN A SAFE PLACE AND I'LL LOCK YOU IN A SAFE PLACE UNTIL I CLOSE THE DEAL!
THEN I'LL... OH! MY WIG!
THERE WON'T BE ANY DEALS!
WELL, MRS. VARNHAM HERSELF! TWO OF A KIND! NOW WHERE IS THE MICROFILM?
WHY ASK ME? SHE HAS IT!
SUDDENLY!
BUT I'M STILL THE VICTOR, MISS AMERICA!
REX!
ELISE! I'VE BEEN SCOUTING THE HOTELS LOOKING FOR YOU! I SAW MISS AMERICA GO IN HERE AND FOLLOWED! YES, WE MEET AGAIN, FOR A SHOWDOWN! YOU BETRAYED ME WITH A FAKE MICROFILM!
AND YOU BETRAYED ME BY STEALING IT! YES, IT'S THE SHOWDOWN!

WITH **ME** HOLDING THE CARDS! DON'T REACH FOR YOUR GUN, REX!
THE NEXT SECOND!
EXCELLENT SHOT, BRUNWALD! IT CERTAINLY LIQUIDATES **HER!** I WAS HOPING WE WOULD NOT HAVE GUNPLAY HERE, BUT IT WAS AN EMERGENCY!
AND NOW, WHERE'S THE MICROFILM? **TALK FAST!**
I'VE GOT TO GET UP! I MUST...
A MOMENT LATER!
I WAS DOWN, BUT NOT OUT! AH, HERE COMES YOUR OTHER STOOGE!
SHE'S MAKING A BREAK!
I'LL HAVE TO TAKE A CHANCE ON LEAVING REX AND HIS CHUMS! **SHE'S** THE ONE I NEED MOST RIGHT NOW — THE ONE WITH THE **MICROFILM!**

NOW WHERE DID SHE GO? HMMM, THE STAIRWAY DOOR'S A LIKELY EXIT! SHE MUST HAVE RUN DOWN!
BUT AS MISS AMERICA RACES DOWN THE STEPS, IN ROOM 408!
VERY CONVENIENT, MY KNOWING THIS ROOM IS VACANT! I INSPECTED THE FLOOR IN ADVANCE FOR EMERGENCY OUTLETS! NOW, DOWN THE FIRE-ESCAPE INTO THE COURTYARD PASSAGEWAY AND SAFETY!
MINUTES LATER, THE SEARCH CONTINUES...
I COULDN'T FIND HER! OF ALL THE BREAKS!
REX AND HIS STRONGARMS GOT AWAY TOO! I EXPECTED THAT! BUT TO LOSE MRS. VARNHAM! WHAT'S THAT NOISE? BETTER LOOK INTO IT FAST!
CRASH!
PETER CARR! BOUND AND GAGGED! I GET IT! TO ATTRACT ATTENTION, YOU ROLLED OVER TO THE LAMP AND CRASHED IT! YES, I'LL REMOVE THE GAG—BUT WHO DID THIS?
RRMMPH! RRMMPH!
THOSE ADVENTURERS, THE ILES'! THEY'RE AFTER THE MICROFILM AND THEY CLEARED OUT SAYING THEY KNEW WHERE TO GET IT!
7
SO THE SCHEMING ILES' ARE ALSO IN HOT PURSUIT OF THE DEADLY FORMULA! WHERE IS IT? WHERE IS MRS. VARNHAM HEADED? CAN MISS AMERICA HEAD THEM OFF? DON'T MISS THE STARTLING POWER-PACKED FINALE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF
MARVEL COMICS

Here's News About a Sensational FREE* Offer to DICK TRACY Fans

GET THIS AUTHENTIC DICK TRACY RAPID-FIRE TOMMY GUN

that LOOKS and SOUNDS just like the real McCoy!

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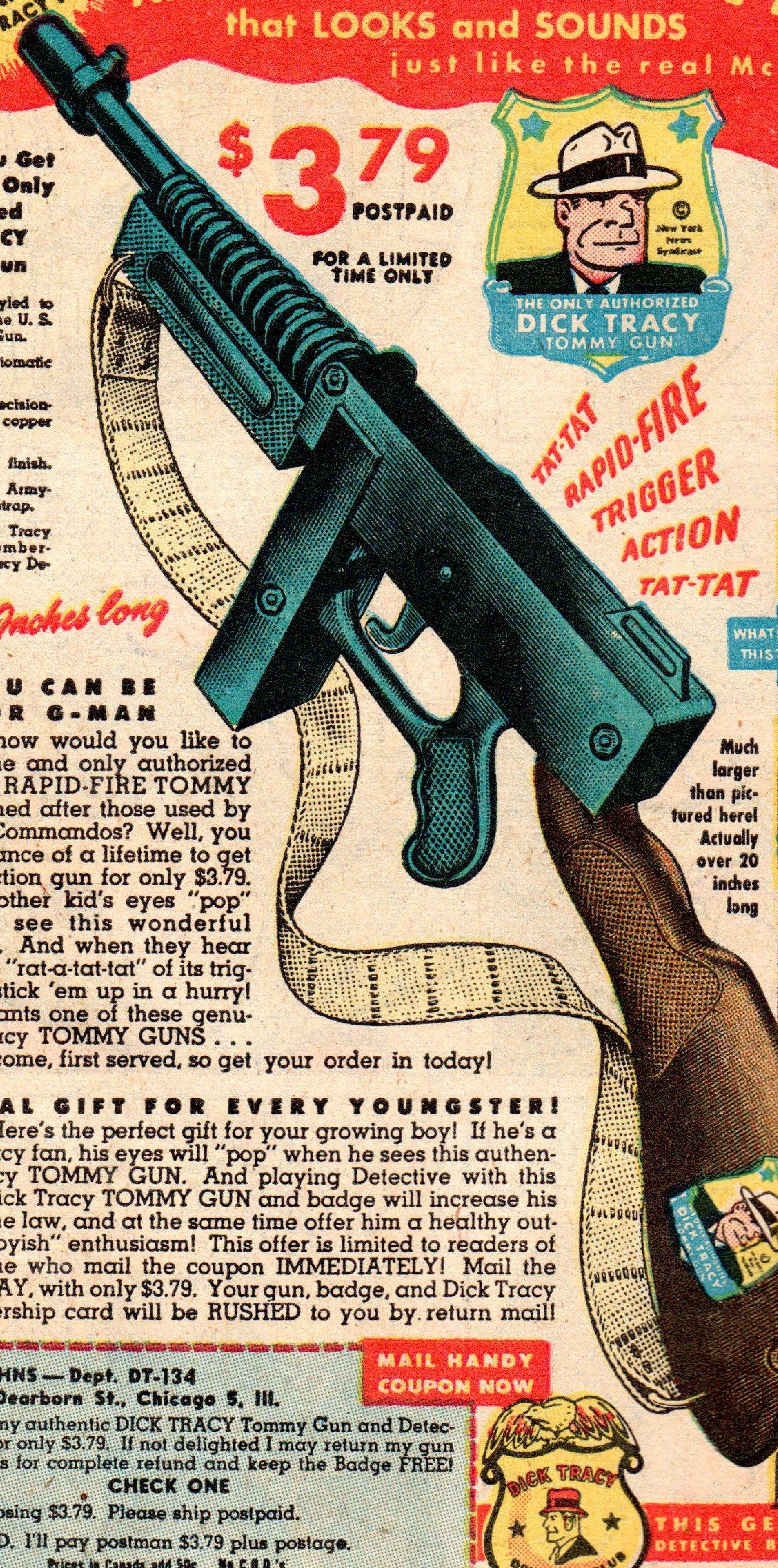
FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY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- ★ Includes Dick Tracy Badge and membership in Dick Tracy Detective Club.

Over 20 Inches long

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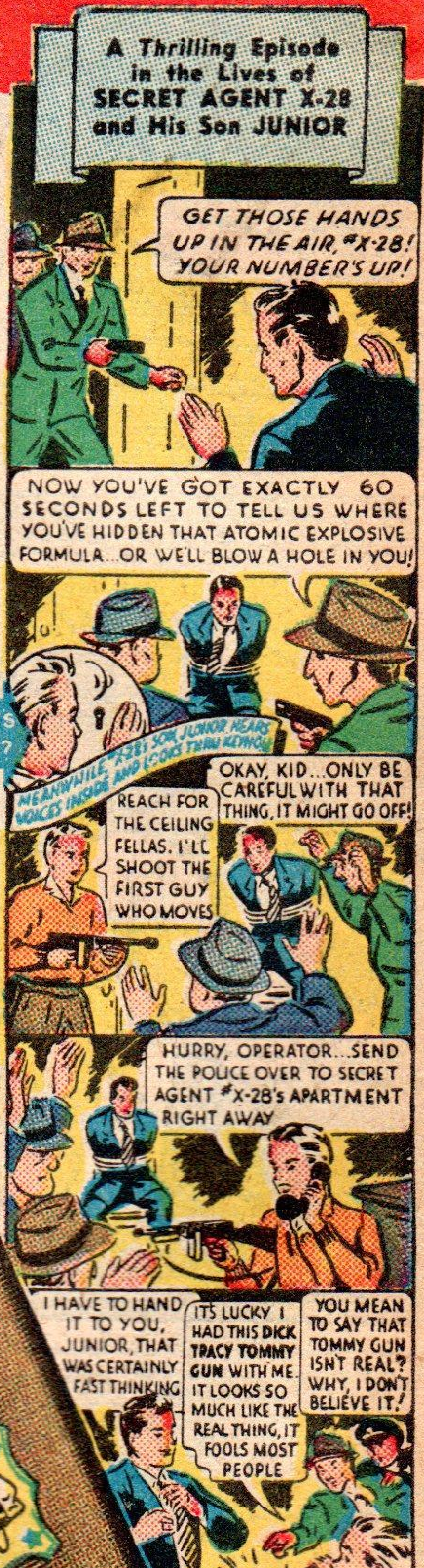
A Thrilling Episode in the Lives of SECRET AGENT X-28 and His Son JUNIOR
GET THOSE HANDS UP IN THE AIR, #X-28! YOUR NUMBER'S UP!
NOW YOU'VE GOT EXACTLY 60 SECONDS LEFT TO TELL US WHERE YOU'VE HIDDEN THAT ATOMIC EXPLOSIVE FORMULA...OR WE'LL BLOW A HOLE IN YOU!
WHATS THIS?
MEANWHILE, #X-28'S SON JUNIOR HEARS VOICES INSIDE AND LOOKS THRU KEYHOLE
REACH FOR THE CEILING FELLAS. I'LL SHOOT THE FIRST GUY WHO MOVES
OKAY, KID...ONLY BE CAREFUL WITH THAT THING, IT MIGHT GO OFF!
HURRY, OPERATOR...SEND THE POLICE OVER TO SECRET AGENT #X-28'S APARTMENT RIGHT AWAY
I HAVE TO HAND IT TO YOU, JUNIOR, THAT WAS CERTAINLY FAST THINKING
IT'S LUCKY I HAD THIS DICK TRACY TOMMY GUN WITH ME. IT LOOKS SO MUCH LIKE THE REAL THING, IT FOOLS MOST PEOPLE
YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT TOMMY GUN ISN'T REAL? WHY, I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
YES, KIDS, THIS DICK TRACY TOMMY GUN LOOKS SO REAL YOU WON'T BELIEVE IT EITHER. AND IMAGINE...YOU CAN GET ONE EXACTLY LIKE IT FOR ONLY $3.79 IF YOU Mail the Coupon Now!

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- How To Interest Her In You
- How To Win Her Love
- How To Express *Your* Love
- How To "Make Up" With Her
- How To Have "Personality"
- How To Look Your Best
- How Not To Offend
- How To Be Well-Mannered
- How To Overcome "Inferiority"
- How To Hold Her Love
- How To Show Her A Good Time

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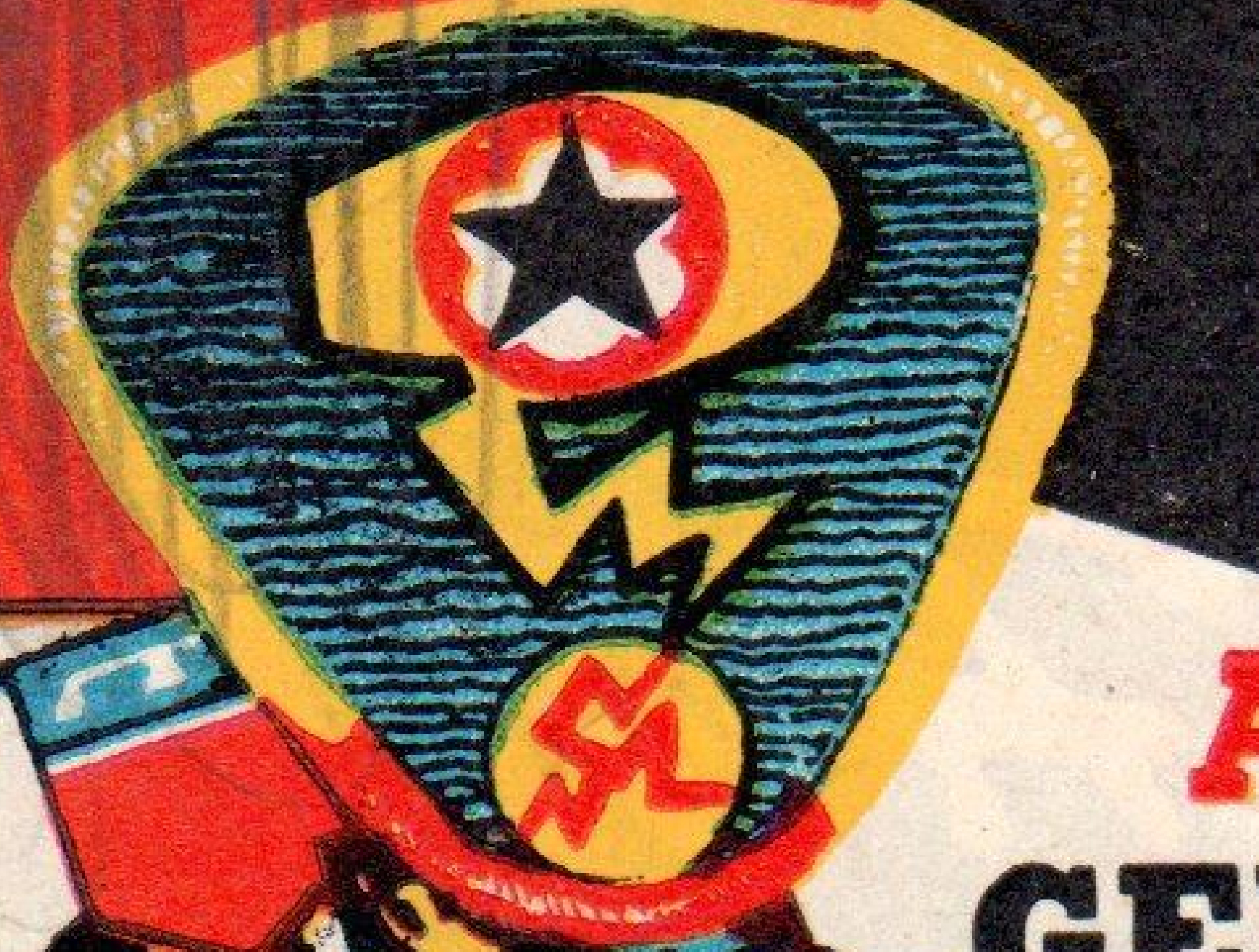

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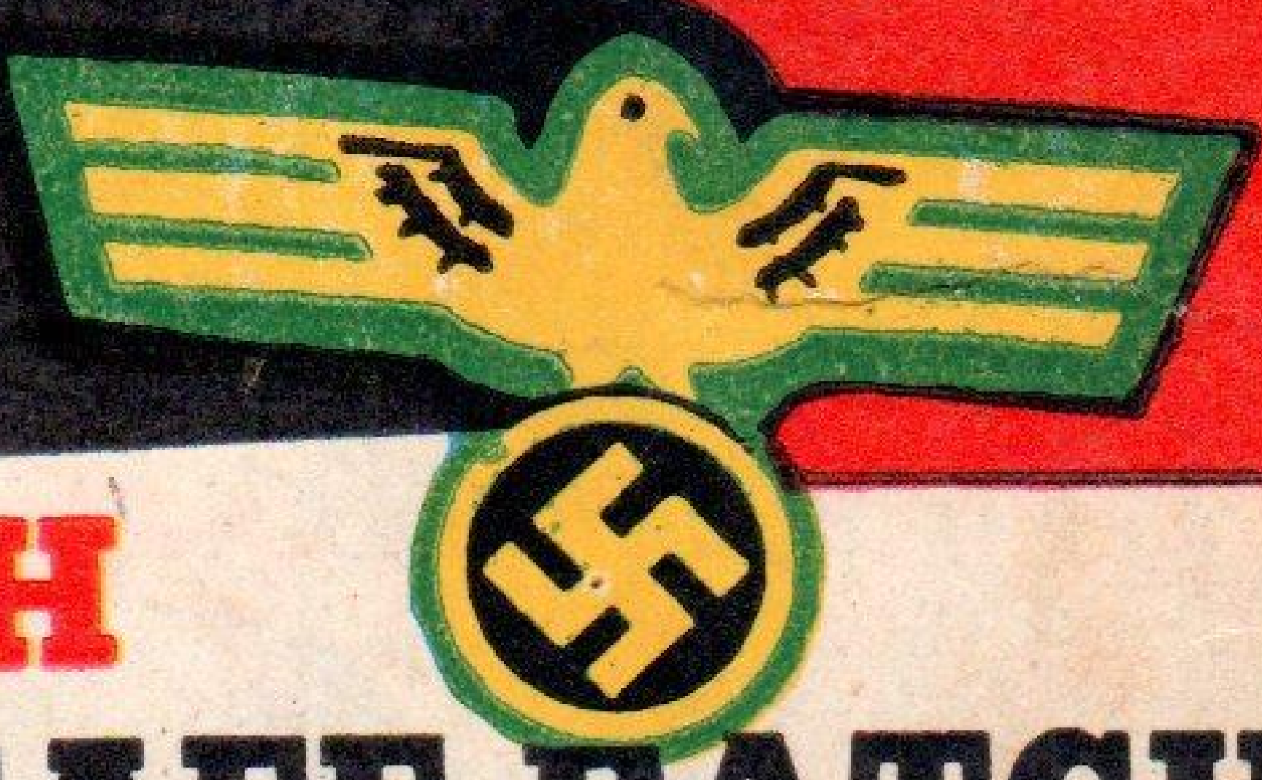

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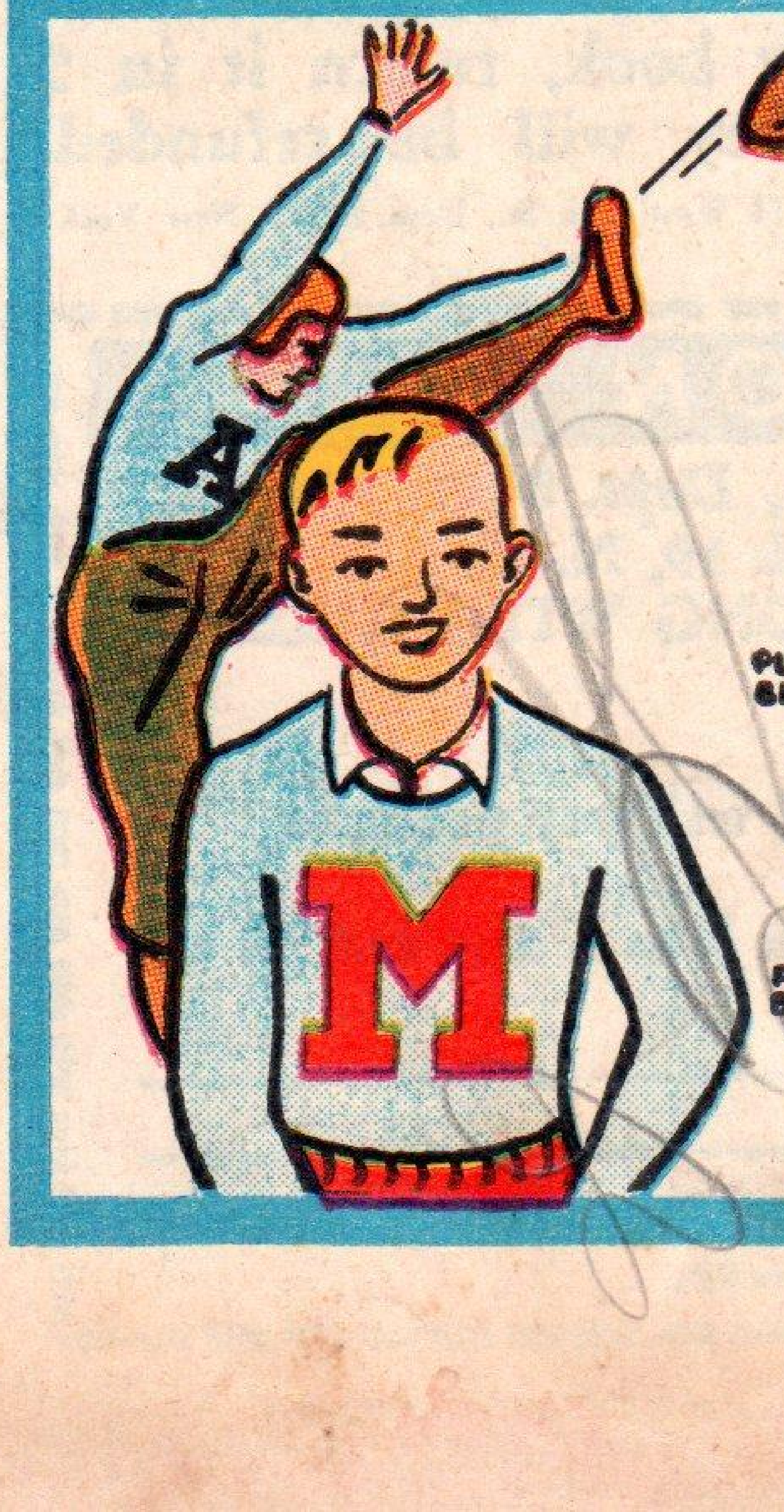

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Size	Price	Size	Price
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3 in.	12¢ ea.	7 in.	24¢ ea.
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Size	Price	Size	Price
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2 in.	11¢ ea.	6 in.	22¢ ea.
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